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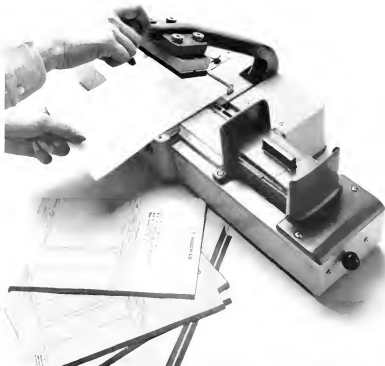
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## Next week

**THE SUPER BOWL!** An analytic report by Tex Maule of the first meeting of the NFL and AFL champions, lavishly illustrated with color photographs of significant plays.

**BELLE OF THE MUSHERS** in last year's world championship of sled dogging in Alaska was St. Winifred Virginia Kraft, who competed in the race. Miss Kraft tells her story.

**A TOKYO IDOL** is Bantamweight Champion Fighting Hatada. In pictures and text, the whirlwind puncher who has risen rapidly from poverty to a life of comparative ease.

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Pro supergames and college superlatives notwithstanding, one of the most emphatic reactions **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** arouses is to covers like this week's picture of Marilyn Tindall holidaying at Apache Lake, Ariz. *Four January "Fun in the Sun" covers in four years have drawn hundreds of letters. Many are somewhat subtler enlargements upon the theme of one West Pointer whose correspondence read, in its entirety: "Dear Miss SI, I love you. Will you marry me?"*<sup>99</sup>

Some are at least mildly reproachful, like one from the Rev. Wayne Scott of



FILE IN LOCATION

the Berean Fundamental Church of Morrill, Neb. "Good Night! Let's watch those covers," Rev. Scott complained cheerfully. "They raise too many eyebrows when my parishioners see something like that coming into my study."

Naturally, it has occurred to some of the enthusiasts to wonder who gets to choose the girls. The selector is Julie Campbell, the magazine's fashion writer and arbiter of active sportswear. "I just look for a girl who seems the type my husband would like," Julie says. "The girl," she prescribes, "has to look healthy, has to be the kind men turn around to stare at, has to have visible spirit and should be athletic."

Scouting out attractive girls inevitably has its wild moments. Jule wryly remembers the parting words of the mother of Sue Peterson (SI, Jan. 18, 1965), whose picture on our cover led

to her becoming one of the top pinup girls in Vietnam. "I hope you'll take good care of Sue," said Mrs. Peterson. "She's never been away from home before." (Senior Editor Jack Olsen, who met Sue on that Baja California assignment, is taking care of her now. They were married last September.)

Julie's solution to girl care is to "work them so hard they're glad to stay home at night." This is no problem, because the picture-shooting is almost always strenuous. Last year's EXUMA photos with Sunny Bippus (SI, Jan. 17, 1966), for example, required diving in and out of the James Bond *Thunderball* cave through an underwater passage with cameras and gear. "The girls were wearing silver suits," Julie shudders. "That's already shark bait."

Julie goes on such assignments laden with the likes of hair dryers, snake boots, native hats, chocolate bars for sole sustenance, lead falsies (as used in scuba diving), quarts of OFF insect repellent and 300 horse-size seasick pills.

There was the time in the Everglades when Sunny Bippus' airboat crashed into a sandbank, and Miss Bippus went hurtling out, rolling across the sand. Photographer John Zimmerman rushed up yelling, "Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" "No-n-no," said Miss Bippus, picking herself up unsteadily. "Well," Zimmerman said, "get back on the boat before your bruises come out."

Good times all. The only disadvantage, if it can be called that, to Julie's unique job is that girl-scouting tends to become a compulsion. "I've ruined whole summers having to look at girls," says Mrs. Campbell. "I find myself girl-watching at football games and even running up to squint at girls' faces on Malibu Beach. It sometimes gets so bad I have to make my husband help look."

Mr. Campbell is a model husband. He never complains.

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## FOOTLOOSE

Hockey fans and skiers find Montreal  
a French and fetching winter festival

With its backdrop of volcanic rock hovering above the northern skyline, Montreal, the biggest French-speaking city outside Paris, provides a dramatic setting for sport. The people live up to the scene, for the passions aroused by sport are little short of volcanic. The Canadians, who have won more Stanley Cups than any other team in the hockey circuit, are the principal preoccupation of many French-Canadians. These hockey fans consider summer just a pleasant interval until the serious business starts in the fall.

Don't worry about the "language barrier." Traffic signs, tourist information and almost everything else of importance are in both French and English. But the spirit of the city, like that of the entire province of Quebec, is French—more French than France, some think. French pride is higher than at any time since the British conquest in 1759. The province of six million or so has been passing through a very unique "quiet revolution" in which the French Fact, as it is called, has been paramount.

An inland seaport 1,000 miles from the sea, Montreal covers a considerable part of the largest of a group of islands at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers. Right now, Montreal's civic hopes are fixed on Expo 67, the world exposition that will open next April. The pavilions and exhibits of some 70 nations are rising on St. Helen's Island in mid-St. Lawrence.

St. Helen's Island is one of the city's oldest and most attractive parks. Here is a 300-year-old fort of massive stone where Chevalier de Lévis, holding out to the last, burned his flags before surrendering to the British. In World War II, Nazi prisoners were sometimes housed there. Now it is occupied by nuns, in the uniform of the old French regime, who parade daily outside the barracks.

Montreal has a population close to 1.5 million. Another million people live in the suburbs. The English population of about 250,000 is confined mainly to the west end and to such suburbs as Westmount, a city within the city.

The visitor will find many excellent French and Italian restaurants in Montreal, not all of them expensive. You can get a very good table d'hôte luncheon from \$1.50 up and a highly acceptable dinner starting at \$3. You can get the classic French cuisine returned by the larger hotels and restaurants, or national cuisines and a thousand specialties and exotic dishes. Dinner, with wine, need cost no more than \$10 per person. Tucked away in a corner of old Montreal, Auberge le Vieux St. Gabriel prepares

superlative French food. A dinner of *coq au vin*, with vintage wines, costs \$16 per couple.

A seafood restaurant, Desjardins, one of the best in town, may run you up a sizable tab, but you will get a memorable meal. And diners who have tickets to the hockey game need not worry: the staff will get them there on time and free of charge.

Patrons of La Crique Bretonne are served paper-thin pancakes with 81 different fillings, a delicacy from Brittany that is the rage now in Montreal. Since hockey players have found tending bar nearly as profitable as slapping pucks into the net, there are a number of hangouts for the cognoscenti. At Tot Blake's tavern on St. Catherine, Blake, the coach of the Canadiens, shows up whenever the team is in town to depense some of the famous Canadian ales along with inside information on pro hockey. Fans, players and coaches head here before and after games for T-bone steaks and arguments. Located across the street from Blake's is Paule's Seafood Restaurant, where lobsters go for \$5 a pound and oysters for \$2 a dozen.

On the night of a big football game, the fans queue up in front of Joe's Steakhouse on Metcalfe—two minutes from McGill's McEwen Stadium. For \$2.35 you can tackle a steak big enough for an Alouette Innkeeper. An extremely pleasant place is Altitude 737 at the top of the 42-story Place Ville Marie, at the dead center of the downtown area, with a breathtaking view of the city. All of these restaurants are highly touted and excellent, but for an unusual (and indigenous) taste experience try the Canadian pea soup at Mother Martin's. "Insecurity to a Montrealeise," as Maitre d'Hotel Guy Lapierre said recently, "is finding himself more than 22 feet from a place to eat."

Montreal is easily reached from the U.S. by highway. Most Americans cross either by the giant Jacques Cartier Bridge leading directly into town or by the new Champlain span to the west, downtown. Both routes arch over the St. Lawrence Seaway. It is also relatively simple to get around in the city, which is defined by three main streets: Sherbrooke, St. Catherine—the street of shops—and Dorchester Boulevard. It is bisected north and south by Park Avenue, which roughly divides the east and west areas. Most of the three million visitors a year operate within a square-mile area, of which the towering Place Ville Marie may be taken as the focal point.

As for sport, Montreal has practically everything. Soccer, brought in since the war by the Germans and Italians, is starting to challenge North American football. There are two professional football teams—the Alouettes of the Eastern Conference of the Canadian Football League and the Beavers of the Continental Football League. Lacrosse, borrowed from the Indians, is making a big comeback as a specifically Quebec

continued



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### FOOTLOOSE *continued*

pastime, and there is good horse racing at the Blue Bonnets and Richelieu tracks. For the golfer, numerous courses are available, and yachting is a big sport at Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis west of the city.

For fishing, you can go to all points of the compass and do well. South is Lake Memphremagog, a body of water 30 miles long stocked with rainbow and brown trout, landlocked salmon and black bass. To the northeast the most interesting route for the speckled-trout enthusiast is Route 43 in the Laurentian Mountains. The end of the trail for the ardent angler is famous Kanamoose Lodge, with its 30 or more wilderness lakes that offer fabulous trout fishing. Walleyes, bass and giant northern pike can be caught around St. Michel des Saints.

Straight north, along the auto route leading to Ste. Agathe—an hour's drive—you begin reaching additional good fishing country that gets better as you go on to Mont Laurier Or, best of all, to the Northwest are the wilds of La Vérendrye Park. In the fall there is good deer and moose hunting in the Laurentian region.

But winter is the big time in Montreal. In winter you can always tell when Friday comes. Many office workers load their skis on top of their cars when they go to work. By four in the afternoon the big weekend exodus begins. The auto route north to Ste. Agathe and beyond is the access to a succession of ski runs, large and small, beginning 30 miles from Montreal and extending to Mont Tremblant, a two-hour drive.

Skiers from Toronto and the United States have been coming to the Laurentians now for years. Some 70,000 skiers can hit the slopes for a weekend, and yet few runs are really crowded. It was in the Laurentians that the first rope tow in the world was set up by Alec Foster in 1932. To this day, Foster runs a ski resort just outside Ste. Agathe.

Loans Cochand, former president of the Laurentian Resort Association, says that the greatest concentration of deluxe hotel and motel accommodations in North America is now found in the 40-square-mile ski area to Montreal's north.

But you don't have to go outside Montreal to ski. The interior slopes of Mount Royal swarm with skiers on a winter afternoon or evening, while below them on frozen Beaver Lake old-style skating is in full swing.

Quebec, as the license plates proclaim, is *La Belle Province*. Montreal, as the French newspaper *Le Devoir* puts it, is *la ville d'hiver*. They say good Montrealeers go to Florida when they retire. In actual fact, few Montrealeers ever want to live anywhere but in Montreal.

—ARTHUR SIEGEL

# SCORECARD

## PRO-SALOON LEAGUE

Although Governor Rockefeller opposed it on "philosophical grounds," last November New Yorkers voted for a state-wide lottery, whose proceeds would go to public schools, and state officials are now devising the form the lottery will take.

It will almost certainly be based on horse races, as in New Hampshire, since Congress, at New Hampshire's behest, passed a law exempting state-run lotteries from the 10% gambling tax, provided winners are determined by horse races; and the lottery tickets may well be sold by vending machines.

If this plan is adopted by the New York legislature, the vending machines would most likely be situated in banks, subway stations, department stores and transportation terminals. They would not, an Albany source said, be put in "uncontrolled" places on the street or in bars, "where every drunk can operate the machine."

We leave the morality of lotteries to those better versed in philosophy, but we cannot allow bars to be so offhandedly calumniated. It has been our experience that saloons are civilized and civilizing places frequented, for the most part, by men and women who would be quite able to operate a lottery-ticket machine with discernment and style, if they so fancied. Moreover, in this regard, as well as others, we would gladly stack habits of bars against those of subway stations, transportation terminals, department stores and even banks.

## A FIRE IS PUT OUT

What is especially tragic about Donald Campbell's death last week on Coniston Water in England's Lake District is that it was, as he foresaw, of greater news value than the attainment of his goal—a run in excess of 300 mph—would have been. Two days before his old boat, *Bluebird*, became airborne, flipped and sank in 140 feet of water, Campbell, who was 45, had told reporters: "You boys will see me carried away

in a box one of these days. That's what you're all really here for."

Afterward David Wynne-Morgan, who was once Campbell's manager, summed it up. "He was born too late, really," he said. "People didn't seem to care anymore about his achievements. He was a sort of *Boy's Own Paper* hero and should have lived in the '20s and '30s." Campbell ruefully agreed. At Coniston, during the nine-week wait for the proper weather, he would buy a round at the Sun Hotel bar and say, "We've never really grown up, any of us, you know. God help us the day we do." Moreover, his explanations that he was striving to break records "for Great Britain, old boy," or to give "the old flag a flutter," seemed poignantly dated.

*Bluebird*, in which Campbell previously had set the record of 276.33 mph, was built in 1954. Although, according to her designer, Ken Norris, she was "due for the museum, really," Campbell had fitted her with a jet engine, which, he was fond of relating, was capable of lifting her straight into the air if she were stood on end. Why *Bluebird* left the surface of Coniston Water, when Campbell was doing an estimated 310 to 320 mph, has not been determined; one possibility is that she crossed her own wake, which caused her to hop or tramp until her nose was lifted beyond a safe pitch angle. Campbell had always had some tramping with *Bluebird*, but he evidently didn't feel it worth correcting.

For Campbell there was no choice but to have a go at it. "There are things in life you must do," he once said. "It's darned difficult to get inside yourself and find out why. All you know is that there is a fire burning inside."

So very early Wednesday week, Campbell stuck his mascot—a teddy bear named Mr. Whoppy, dressed in blue coveralls like Campbell's own—into *Bluebird's* cockpit, strapped himself in and handed a pipe and tobacco pouch to an aide. "Hang on to these," Campbell said. "They're sticking into me." After

hitting 297 mph on the first of the two requisite runs over the measured kilometer, Campbell turned and radioed, "The water is dark green, and I can't see anything." Seconds later, gathering speed, he said, his voice pitched higher, "She's tramping! She's tramping! I'm on my back! She's going!"

## APPEAL TO THE ANT LOVERS

If NBC doesn't beat CBS in the ratings for their simultaneous telecast of the Super Bowl, it won't be because they didn't try to get out the viewers. Last Saturday NBC was touting its Super-coverage on a show called *Atom Ant*, which goes on the air at 9:30 a.m., and appeals to pro football fans aged 3 to 8.

## SON OF ELEPHANT JOKE

As you no doubt recall, a few years back elephant jokes (e.g., "Why don't elephants like Martinis?" "Did you ever try to get an olive out of your nose?") were all the rage. Now the Meccas—John Se. and John Jr., of Houston and thereabouts—have learned, to their sorrow, that the genre has not entirely been laid to rest.

One day last month a press release, issued on behalf of the South African Tourist Corporation, stated that John Se. had ordered 20 elephants from South



Africa's Kruger National Park for delivery to his private Texas game reserve in late January. At about the same time John Jr. got a call from the Lykes Brothers Steamship Co. informing him that 18 elephants were on the way. Eighteen elephants? Twenty elephants? What's two elephants, more or less, to a press agent? However, neither John Jr. nor

continued

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## SCORECARD

Mr. knew anything about *one* elephant.

The Meccas keep zebras, oryxes, llamas, impalas, gazelles and giraffes at their Laredo ranch, but, said John Jr., "We have only one elephant, and it's of the Indian variety. These people are talking about African elephants. They're twice the size of Indian elephants, and I don't plan to turn 18 African elephants loose with that Indian elephant. My dad and I think this is some big joke by our friend Ray Ryan of the Mount Kenya Safari Club. I understand Lykes is perturbed that I haven't been answering their calls, but I hate to return them because I'd have to ask what's going to happen to all those elephants, and I don't want to know."

## BEAUTIFUL GOMER

The best sportscaster in the country is a crusty middle-aged man who, on occasional Saturday nights, does the color for the college basketball games on WPIX in New York. His name is Red Auerbach, the same one who is the former coach and the present general manager of the Boston Celtics.

But if you want to catch Auerbach, hurry: he's too good and too honest to last on TV. For one thing, he gives everybody the business: players, refs, coaches. During the Columbia-Dartmouth game last week, he was muttering, "That Stabileford, he doesn't even look at the basket. He's no threat out there." And "I honestly believe it was the official's fault." And "That's a classic example of what to do wrong against the full-court press." Auerbach also tells you why kids raised in New York can't shoot layups (because they started out in playgrounds, where the baskets are on poles, and if you drove in you stood a good chance of getting banged up), how to shoot, how refs get themselves off the hook and the secret of coaching. At the close of the game, when Columbia cleared its bench, Auerbach said: "Notice how some of these second-stringers are out of condition?" Against Marty Glickman, the play-by-play announcer, ventured that the subs were probably a little nervous. "The secret of coaching," Auerbach persisted, "is keep your bench in as good condition as your starters, even though they don't play." Glickman suggested that it was exam time. "They are a little fatter than the first-stringers," said Auerbach with finality.

But the best part of listening to Auer-

bach do a game is that every once in a while, following an exceptionally pretty play, you will hear a soft "ooh." It's Auerbach, still a fan after 27 years of making his living from the game, expressing his admiration.

Red, you're beautiful.

## THE BOOB BOWS OUT

The announcement last week that Ben Kerner was selling his basketball team, the St. Louis Hawks, denotes, if you'll excuse the expression, the end of an era. Kerner, 50, is the only owner in the NBA—and possibly in major league sports—who actually *owns* every piece of stock in his team; moreover, he is the only owner who, in fact, runs the whole show, which, for Benny, has meant scheming 14 hours a day, seven days a week. As he said the other day, "I own it, I work it, I suffer it. The guy that buys it will be part of a corporate structure. He'll never enjoy it as much as I did. You don't get the thrill of accomplishment unless you start from nothing."

Kerner started from minus nothing. In 1955, when he brought the Hawks to St. Louis, he was \$165,000 in the hole. Last year the Hawks made a profit of \$243,975. The success of the Hawks is a result not only of Kerner's ability to put together a winner, but of his ability to make people buy tickets to see it play. "You got to have your extras," he has said. And of all Kerner's extra added attractions the greatest has been Kerner himself. "You sell yourself as a character," he once said, "you get space." Kerner calls himself Benny the Boob, has fought with referees, fired coaches and torn up programs in little pieces. "If I didn't tear up programs they'd think I was losing interest," he has said. "They *bring* me programs to tear up. Everybody's looking at me. They go home happy."

As he said last week, "I created an image." But more than the Benny the Boob bit, Kerner, in great part, helped create the big-league image that the NBA has today. Benny often carried on like some kind of a nut, but he made the Hawks a class operation. "Basketball's been good to me," he said last week. "I tried to be good to it."

## A GOOD MAN, A GOOD MANAGER

One of the more valid ways to judge the character of a baseball manager is to watch him while he makes his first visit



to the pitcher's mound when things began to go wrong. Some walk out turning their heads from side to side and mumbling like method actors; others go out slowly and then kick up the mound as if to ask, "How on earth can you do a thing like this to me?" Johnny Keane, who died last week at 55, had a special way of making his first visits. He would put his hands in his back pockets and come out of the dugout at a full trot, say exactly what he had to say and then trot off, as if embarrassed to interrupt the flow of a game.

Keane was a good manager as well as a principled and sentimental man. When he let a tired Bob Gibson pitch through the seventh game of the 1964 World Series he was asked why he had left his man in so long. "Because," said John, "I had a commitment to his heart." Keane's frustrations with the 1966 Yankees were summed up with, "We're just going to have to tough this thing out," and when he was fired last May because the Yankee management panicked, Mackey Mantle said, "I'm sick because I let a man like Johnny Keane down."

Only a few hours after winning the 1964 Series someone asked Keane if it marked the most thrilling moment in his life. "Oh, it's a great thrill," he said. "After 34 years in the game it gives you a feeling of tremendous satisfaction. But when my daughter Pat turned 18, my wife, Lela, and I bought her a car for Christmas that we could not afford. We had it brought to our house in Houston late, when she was asleep, and Lela and I stayed up all night stringing colored ribbons from her doorknob upstairs down through the house and out into the garage to the keys in the ignition. We wrote signs on the ribbons that said THIS WAY and KEEP GOING, and when she finally got to the car it was seeing the look in her eyes that was the proudest moment in my life."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Dick Walsh, Los Angeles Dodger vice-president, accepting a five-year contract at \$50,000 a year to be commissioner of the new North American Soccer League. "I don't even know how many men there are on a soccer team."
- Yug McGraw, 22-year-old Met left-hander, asked where the next Sandy Koufax was coming from: "I'm a candidate for the job—all I have to do is win a few hundred games."

END

# The Scrapers



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# STOP THOSE CHIEFS !

*The usually undemonstrative Vince Lombardi struck a dramatic pose on the eve of the Super Bowl, but most experts believe that his Green Bay Packers will take Kansas City pretty much in stride* by **TEX MAULE**

**A**fter Green Bay had won its second straight National Football League championship by defeating the Dallas Cowboys last week, champagne flowed like cement in the Packer dressing room. The Packers, many of whom had played in previous championship games, accepted victory with the quiet relish of pros who had done a job well; none gave a thought to the Super Bowl—the game that will match the NFL and AFL champions this Sunday in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

But in Buffalo, the Kansas City Chiefs disposed of the Buffalo Bills to win the AFL title and then wasted a few magnifiers anointing Hank Stram, the young and inventive coach of the Chiefs. The sentiment of the Kansas City dressing room was one that has long obtained in AFL circles: "Bring on the NFL."

Well, at last the NFL will be brought on, but if any anointing is done in a Coliseum dressing room it will be of Vincent Lombardi, coach of the Packers. The Packers already have won the most difficult game they will play on the way to the championship of the professional football world. Fined \$2,000 by the AFL for their bibulous Buffalo capers, the Chiefs can look forward to champagne without a penalty in Los Angeles—but they will have to go to the Packer quarters to get it.

Although the oddsmakers have established Green Bay as a 13-point favorite, the probability is that the Packers, vastly more experienced in clutch games than the Chiefs, will win by three or four touchdowns. One reason is that Green

*continued*



*Lombardi studies a Chiefs game film (left) as he prepares to deny Hank Stram (right, with Ed Fred Arbenas) a supersave to Buffalo.*

Bay is the most unflappable football team in history. The Cowboys, more talented than the Chiefs and just as talented as the Packers, lost because the enormous emotional tension of the championship game caused errors of execution. These cost the game-tying touchdown in the final moments and slowed Cowboy drives or created Green Bay opportunities earlier in the game. A fumble gave Green Bay a touchdown; an overeager offensive lineman who jumped offside strangled Dallas' last threat. Green Bay made no such mistakes.

"This is a game like any other," said Fullback Jim Taylor before the Packers beat the Cowboys. "Sure, we're up for it. But we're not excited. This is a tough game. You go out, and if you're man enough you win. You do what you have to do and you don't make a mistake. You don't have to get excited. If you lose, the world goes on. It's not a matter of life or death."

Lombardi, preoccupied with the Cowboys, did not turn his thoughts to Kansas City until after the championship game. He sent Scout Wally Cruise to Buffalo, but when the Packers started preparation for the Super Bowl last week he ruefully admitted that he wished he knew more about the Chiefs.

Lombardi certainly knows more than he says he does. He has three movies of the Chiefs in action—films that reveal them as surprisingly similar to the Cowboys except in defense.

Like his Kansas City players, Hank Stram is almost obsessed by the challenge of meeting the NFL champions. He, too, has three movies of his opponent in action. He chose them to give him a broad view of Green Bay. One is of an early game against Cleveland, one of a mid-season game against Minnesota (which the Packers lost by three points against a scrambling quarterback not unlike the Chiefs' Len Dawson and Pete Beathard) and the third of the championship game, which gave Stram an opportunity to study a somewhat bigger and quicker version of his own team against the Packers.

I have not had as much opportunity to watch the Chiefs perform on the field as my colleague, Edwin Shrake. An expert on the American Football League and on football in general, Shrake also has seen NFL teams in action, so his is an educated eye. "In the game films the Chiefs wanted to see how the Packers progressed during the season," he says. "They wanted to see how the Green Bay personnel either improved or declined

and what changes were necessary. But Stram says the Chiefs—whose workouts are closed to the public but open to the press at Long Beach—are preparing for this game as for any other.

"Stram says that his approach and procedures are the same, and adds: 'I think Green Bay and Buffalo have similar personalities.'"

The Packers traditionally have been devoted to fundamental football values, using a limited number of plays and performing those impeccably. Buffalo is not fancy, either, but the Bills' factor of error was much greater than Green Bay's.

Shrake says: "I expect to see the Packers have a hard time running on the Chiefs. Buck Buchanan is a good big tackle and Sherrill Headrick a very mobile middle linebacker. The defensive ends, Jerry Mays and Chuck Hurston, are good, and the outside linebackers, Bobby Bell and E. J. Holub, are very strong against the run. Look for Kansas City to move Bell up on the line quite a bit and go with a five-man line. The pass-rush is strong from Mays and Buchanan, but the Packers should be able to handle it, except possibly the blitz.

"Safeties Bobby Hunt and Johnny Robinson are good interceptors [they grabbed 10 passes each during the season], but the corner backs, Fred Williamson and Willie Mitchell, should have a great deal of trouble with Boyd Dowler and Carroll Dale. Both play loose and need help from the free safety. The Chiefs have speed on offense, and Flanker Ottis Taylor is as good a receiver as any the Packers have seen all season. He is not as fast as Bob Hayes, of course, but at 9.6 for the 100 he is fast enough. He is also big (6 feet 2, 215) and a good blocker. Taylor has remarkable hands and is very hard to tackle after a catch. He takes a Herb Adderley delight in hitting people and knocking them down.

"Split End Chris Burford has wonderful moves, very good hands, not much speed. Tight End Fred Arbanas is a superb blocker with good hands—almost a Mike Ditka, although not as good a runner—but he is likely to be replaced by the big rookie, Aaron Brown, because of the shoulder separation the Bills gave him."

Moving on to the offensive line, Shrake says, "Left Tackle Jim Tyrer probably is the best in the league and he'll draw Lionel Aldridge in an interesting match. Ed Budde, the left guard,

## THE SENTIMENTAL FAVORITE? IT'S GREEN BAY

The oddsmakers have pretty well established Green Bay as a 13-point betting favorite for the Super Bowl—which seems logical enough—but no one has yet determined who will be the sentimental favorite, which is not at all the same thing and quite frequently is not very logical. Last week, to find out whether Americans would maintain their traditional role as underdog fanatics by cheering for the Chiefs while backing the Packers, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED conducted an informal poll. The result: another lost tradition.

In 14 cities (three with NFL franchises, three with AFL franchises, two with double franchises and six nonaffiliates) the Packers led in the sympathy vote with 59.7%, an indication that you are not really alone if you begin each day with a short cheer for General Motors. There seemed to be only Packer rosters in Philadelphia, and most hoped that Kansas City would get clobbered. City of Brotherly Love, indeed. In contrast, Dallas supported the Packers with only a 40% vote, re-

membering that the Chiefs were once the Texans. The third NFL city, Los Angeles, also voted for Kansas City, by 70%, a tribute to the appeal of two ex-USC stars, Mike Garrett and Pete Beathard.

The AFL championship-game loser, Buffalo, loyally backed the Chiefs with 94%, while Houston voted 80% and San Diego 70% for Kansas City. New York and San Francisco-Oakland, the two cities with teams in each league, disagreed, as they do in most things. With its longtime NFL associations, New York voted 75% for the Packers, while the sympathies of San Francisco-Oakland were 70% with Kansas City.

Among the cities with no pro football connections, Seattle was for the Chiefs by 77%, obviously irked at having failed to receive an NFL franchise, and Springfield, Mass. offered up a 50-50 vote. But the other four independents (Columbus, O., Des Moines, Memphis and Salt Lake City) were solidly for the Packers.

A long locomotive for General Motors.

is very good. But the Chiefs should have no more success running than the Packers. They lack a really powerful fullback and often call on little Mike Garrett on short-yardage plays. Garrett is also the only back on the club who can go outside; Bert Coan, the other outside runner, is still bothered by an ankle injury.

"A blitz could hurt the Chiefs if the Packers use it, and I suspect they will. Dawson is accurate and he can scramble fairly well, but he retreats and hesitates and worries about throwing an interception. When he has time, he is dangerous, but the Chiefs may not have enough of a running threat to give him time."

Shraake concludes: "I don't think the Chiefs are as good as the Cowboys—I don't really think the Packers are, either—but I do think the Chiefs are as good as, say, Philadelphia, and they should play over their heads."

The Chiefs assuredly are a good football team, but the Packers are the best in a generation. If they approach their capability they should defeat the good Chiefs easily.

Almost all pro veterans agree that championships are won by the defense and the quarterback. The quarterback of the Packers is Bart Starr, who, in the last six years, has become one of the two best in the game. The other is John Unstut of Baltimore, not Kansas City's Dawson, the erstwhile third-string quarterback of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Dawson has matured, but it is unlikely that any coach in either league would select him ahead of Starr.

An assistant coach who has drawn paychecks from clubs in both leagues says, "Starr never makes a mistake of any kind. He never throws a ball unless he is sure where it is going, and he never calls a bad play. He never gives you an edge—and this is a game of edges. I don't think Dawson has reached that point yet. He throws well, but he hesitates and he is caught too much. And the Chiefs have problems in a slow offensive line and in their secondary. If you have problems in your secondary against the Packers, you can forget about winning. Starr will cut you to bits. A slow offensive line against the Packer front four is in trouble, too."

If the two clubs had played in the same league, the Packers would still have an edge in experience over the years and in championship play. If you match the players and credit each with the honors

he has won in his own league, the Packers have all the advantage.

Try it. Otis Taylor will be wide on the strong side of the Chief attack, and he caught 58 passes for the club last year, the same as Burford, the split end. He is a very good young receiver, but he will be covered by Adderley, an All-Pro corner back who has handled the likes of Gary Collins, Bob Hayes and Tommy McDonald. Chris Burford has played longer than Taylor, but he will be looking at Corner Back Bob Jeter. Last year Jeter covered Cleveland's Paul Warfield, a faster spread end with equally good moves, and almost shut him out. The Cowboys flipped Bob Hayes from side to side, and Jeter and Adderley allowed him one reception all day. Will Burford and Taylor do better against them?

The match-ups in the lines say something, too. Big as he is, Kansas City's 300-pound Tyrer will have no easy time blocking Lionel Aldridge, who starred against the Cowboys. Budde has the unenviable task of outsmarting the 10-year tackle, Henry Jordan, an All-Pro four times. Curt Merz must face Ron Kostelnik, one of the most underrated tackles in the NFL, who dominated the Dallas game on him in the championship game. Dave Hill has Willie Davis, a perennial All-Pro defensive end, to worry with.

With Green Bay on offense, Forrest Gregg—a consensus choice for All-Pro at tackle—blocks End Jerry Mays. Gregg, too, has been around for 10 years. Jerry Kramer, All-Pro for three seasons, takes Andy Rice, Fuzzy Thurston, who did such a splendid job on the Cowboys' All-Pro tackle, Bob Lilly, will have Buchanan to block. Chuck Hurston, the defensive right end, must defeat Bob Skoronski, the Green Bay offensive captain and a formidable tackle.

With superior players knitted by years of dedicated teamwork—most of the Packers have been playing together longer than most of the Chiefs have been in professional football—it seems reasonable to suppose that Green Bay will win comfortably. Kansas City adherents claim, of course, that the Chiefs will be so fired up that man-to-man comparisons will become invalid. Well, the Cowboys were fired up, they played well over their norm for the season, they have better players, overall, than does Kansas City, and they still lost to the Packers.

So will the Chiefs.

END



Tiffany crafted the silver Super Bowl trophy.

# TALL, STONED AND GATORADED

*Florida's sheltering palms are fashioning the best basketball team in the Southeastern Conference, helped by their coach's manipulation of a magic rock and a patented potion of rare restorative powers* **by FRANK DEFORD**

After the snappy warmups—featuring not only *Dixie*, of course, but *Sweet Georgia Browns*—the Florida Gators come out for the introductions. At the forwards: from St. Petersburg, 6' 9" Gary Keller; from Clearwater, 6' 5" Gary McElroy. At center: from Miami Beach, 6' 10" Neal Walk. At guard: from Delray Beach, 6' 5" Dave Miller. The Gators stand tall. Then, down below those four sheltering palms, comes a bundle of northern sunshine, Skip Hagley, from Akron, Ohio—6 feet "if you really stretch it." With their little Yankee skipper running things, the sheltering palms *play* tall.

They are now 9-1 under Coach Tommy Bartlett, a sentimental little tough guy who is four inches smaller than Hagley and who won the Southeastern Conference title last year at Tennessee—coaching tennis. The players and Bartlett are loose, the Gators because they have Bartlett, Bartlett because he has something called a "tension stone" that he picked up in Caracas, Venezuela and that he rolls over and over in his hand whenever tension starts to mount. Captain Queeg had the same sort of act, but this is a happy ship. Also, one of a different color. Bartlett has had his Volkswagen painted in nauseating, undulating shades of orange, blue and white, the Florida colors. Not even Doyle Dane Bernbach ever had the guts to go that far.

Of course, until 1961 Florida did not even have a full-time basketball coach, much less a traveling advertising agency. This makes it all the more amazing that the Gators are suddenly the best team in Kentucky's SEC, while the Wildcats themselves are staggering around under a load that now has reached a stunning five losses at home. Two of those came in SEC play, including the first loss ever to Florida at Lexington. There is nothing

for Adolph Rupp to say except, perhaps, what Chester Riley used to wail to his pal Gills: "What a revoltin' development this is."

While Kentuckians of short memory have taken to cheering for the opposition, the situation in Gainesville is entirely different. In the outdated, undersized Florida gym—"When do the bats come out?" Bob Hope once asked when he was playing the place—interest has overtaken capacity so that, in the name of public safety, the university plays down word of its basketball games. And no one quite knows what to expect now that Steve Spurrier has taken his Heisman Trophy and finished all his Hula Bowls and Ed Sullivan introductions and generally stopped diverting attention from the sheltering palms.

In any case, very little of all this troubles the Gators themselves. They are supremely confident, and not only because they are so damn big. "It's just a feeling," says McElroy, a jut-jawed junior who is one of the few college forwards majoring in nuclear engineering. "It's a feeling, and I can't quite explain it. Except all of a sudden it is there and you feel—well, I guess like Kentucky did last year—that there's nobody who can beat you. And you don't worry."

The Gators are, to begin with, difficult to defend. They are among the biggest teams in the country—taller, even, than several NBA clubs—and there is no way opponents can match up. Indeed, Florida can get even bigger during a game, since Jeff Ramsey, 6' 11", who was good

enough to start for two seasons, is now on the bench. At times the Gators are merely incredible on the boards, as they were in their 87-70 win over Louisiana State on Saturday when, in one stretch, they managed nine tips in a row by four different players before an exhausted Tiger player finally, mercifully, fouled



*Coach Tommy Bartlett displays Florida's sacred weapon, the South American tension stone, to his lowering Gator squad. From left: Captain Skip Hagley, Dave Miller, Gary Keller, Neal Walk, Jeff Ramsey and Gary McElroy*

Ramsey to stop the carnage. "It must be some kind of record," LSU Coach Press Maravich said afterward.

Since no team can match up against Florida, it is unlikely that the Gators will see anything but zone defenses the rest of the season. Miami tried a man-to-man early in the season and lost a humiliating 113-88 decision on its own court. More likely, Florida will get the weird sort of thing that LSU tried—a collapsing diamond with a one-man chaser on Higley, and variations thereof.

It collapsed beautifully, too, cutting off the high-low post men, Keller and Walk, but in the process leaving McElroy and Miller wide open. They play the wings of Bartlett's 1-3-1 offense, and they made 20 baskets over the zone to ruin it. Besides such zones and combinations and match-up zones and presses and anything else the opposition might

dream up in the way of defenses, Florida is also encountering the slowdown game. "We're ready to run. We want to run," Bartlett says, "but nobody will run with us."

With the replacement of sophomore Walk for Ramsey, the Gators are a faster team than last year's 16-10 squad. Walk, only 18 and just beginning to reach his potential—he did not even start till his senior year at Miami Beach High—adds not only speed and aggressiveness to the Gator forecourt, but a little glitter of The Beach as well. A close examination of the team's gray traveling slacks shows that only Walk's are without cuffs. "The kid's gonna need a lot of it," says his father, Al Walk, rubbing his thumb over the tips of his fingers to make the classic sign for cash. "He's a regular fashion plate. He wants the \$50 shoes, the custom-mades. He's

got to have the fedora, the cuffs off the pants. He better make it in the pros to keep himself dressed the way he wants." Mr. Walk, a promotion director—himself dressed in Edwardian boots, tight Caribbean-blue pants and a white cardigan sweater over a black sweater-vest over a blue-and-white-checked turtle-neck—is the team's biggest fan. When it traveled to South America on a tour this summer, it was met in Panama by Al Walk.

The Walks moved to Florida when Neal was 7, migrating from the North just as the McElroys and Kellers and most everybody else in Florida did. Only Miller, of the starters, is a Florida-bred. Neal grew steadily but gained little weight, and even though he was 6' 9" he played the corner in high school. "I told his mother," Mr. Walk says, "'I haven't got the heart. You tell him. Tell *continued*





*Getting off a flying layup shot, Vanderbilt guard Tom Hegen, son of a former Kentucky star, helps send the Wildcats to their fifth defeat in Lexington.*

him to keep with the trombone so maybe we can get half a scholarship out of that." Suddenly, though, Walk found himself, and last year he led the freshmen with 24 points a game. He is averaging 12 this year on a team that has all its starters in double figures, with the highest, Keller, making only 16 a game.

All of these players were recruited by Norm Sloan, who must be acknowledged as the man who finally brought basketball into Florida. Now the coach at his alma mater, North Carolina State, Sloan took over at Florida in 1961. His assistant coach, Perry Moore, who is now assistant to Athletic Director Ray Graves, remembers: "It was miserable. Norm and I literally walked the streets talking basketball. We took sportswriters out to lunch, just to get their minds off football. We talked to high school principals, in barber shops, anywhere anyone would listen."

Sloan is an energetic and successful promoter and recruiter, but he is a tough coach and a temperamental one—his actions on the bench were respon-

sible for the referee ending the N.C. State-Maryland game last Saturday night with 1:15 still remaining—and last year he did not get along with the Florida players who, for the most part, are of a calm and studious mien. Bartlett, with his peppery enthusiasm on the one hand and his relaxed, tension-stoned demeanor on the other, appeals to the players. "He's a winner," Keller says simply, "and he's treated us like winners from the first."

Those who know and respect both Sloan and Bartlett say that Florida got the best of both worlds—Sloan to start the program, Bartlett to nurture it to fruition. Bartlett is a tenacious man who, despite his size, has spent a lifetime beating other people in a variety of games: tennis, football, softball, swimming, badminton, basketball. He takes up a sport, masters it, beats everybody around and, that done, moves on to something else. After a tour in the service, in which he spent much of his time playing on the All-Navy tennis team, Bartlett went home to Tennessee in 1948 on a football-

basketball scholarship. He gave up the football but played basketball and tennis, and after graduation moved naturally into coaching—first in high school, then at Carson-Newman College and Chattanooga, where he had winning records every year. He returned to Tennessee as assistant basketball coach, head tennis coach and tennis pro at the Cherokee Country Club. The only two times that Tennessee ever won the SEC tennis title were when Bartlett was captain and last year when he was coach. With his pro job he was earning good money, too. "If I had wanted to remain an assistant coach, I could have lived and died at Tennessee," he says.

Two years ago, shortly after recovering from a mysterious virus that almost killed him, he decided against accepting an offer from Georgia, but when the Florida challenge came last June he grabbed it at it. A few weeks later he took the team to South America. It lost one game out of nine, when all but three of Bartlett's players were fouled out. The home team wins a lot of revolutions



and basketball games in South America.

So, too, in the SEC. Because of its losses at home to Vanderbilt and Florida, Kentucky has—temporarily, anyway—been eliminated from the race. The Wildcats, with plenty of good little men, have neither found the right combination nor achieved the cohesion that made it possible for last year's team to overcome a similar height handicap. Kentucky has also deteriorated dramatically on defense. The collapse has brought the Ruppologists—who, like Kremlinologists, are usually wrong—scurrying into the open again, speculating about the Baron. Rumors of his demise, however, are greatly exaggerated; Adolph has told friends that he has no intention of quitting until his fine freshman team leaves school, three seasons hence.

But the fall of Kentucky leaves a flock of contenders. As in football—five SEC teams went to bowls and four of them won—the basketball race should be a close one among good teams. Vanderbilt and Mississippi State must be ranked only slightly behind Florida, with Tennessee just another notch below.

The Gators are acutely aware that this would be their first basketball championship, a prize to match their other proud claims. Spurrier, the SEC all-sports title; the oft-repeated boast that they are second only to Vanderbilt in academics; and invention of a jaundice-yellow beverage that is made on campus and is called Gatorade. This elixir, it is alleged, will put back into an athlete's body those chemicals lost through perspiration. Presumably Gatorade is responsible for many Florida victories, and everybody is very proud of it.

There is more talk about sweat in Gainesville than in all the ads for Turkish baths. But then, Gainesville is not part of the Florida of the Gold or the Platinum Coast, but just a college town, inland and far enough north so that the palm trees seem out of place—commercial adornments planted around motels and public buildings and on median strips. It cost Bartlett \$70 to buy a pair for the front lawn of his new home. When Carol Higley, Skip's wife, arrived in Gainesville from Akron, it was the lack of jungle vegetation that disappointed her most.

The Higleys were married last summer. Skip, who came to Florida sight-unseen because his high school coach knew Sloan, is a top student majoring in psy-



Adolph Rupp's company in despair at Vandy game are assistants Harry Lancaster and Joe Hall.

chology. He wants to do social work with children after his graduation. It is ironic that all the great height on the Florida team is completely dependent on Higley and his playmaking ability. Miller, who was an Eagle Scout, a center in high school and a forward last year, is, under Bartlett, the other guard. As he quickly admits, however, he really fills the role of a third forward. He and McElroy both crash from far outside, the nuclear engineer and the Eagle Scout coming at the hoop from opposite directions.

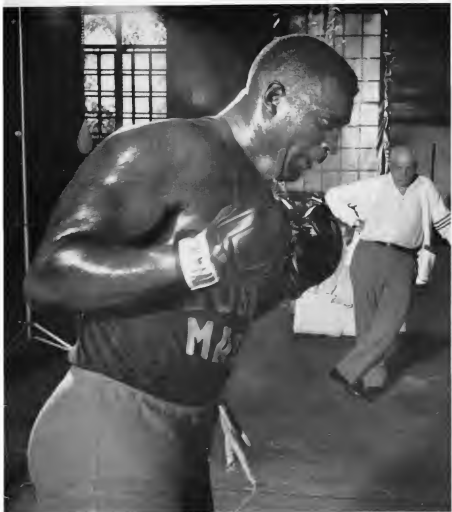
So the entire ball-handling responsibility is left to Higley, the point man. Rival teams have been pressing full court, just to harass him and wear him down, but he has not lost the ball in backcourt even once this year. "You always hear coaches talking about their good little ball handlers," says Garland Pinholster, former coach of Oglethorpe College who is studying for his Ph.D. at LSU this year, and was watching Higley bring the ball up last Saturday. "Usually they mean he is tricky and can throw it

behind his back and all that. But this guy is what a good little ball handler really is." Higley is also the team's only sound defensive player.

Obviously, the pressures on him will grow as the season progresses. More teams will concentrate on Higley outside—as Vanderbilt did when it gave Florida its only defeat—to force the big men away from the basket. Vandy was fortunate that Keller, an all-conference forward last year and now the team's leading rebounder and scorer, played so poorly and took only two shots. Keller has the analytical mind of a dedicated crossword-puzzle player, but he and McElroy are given to spectacular lapses of concentration. "You can't believe McElroy," Bartlett said. "You could put his breakfast right under his nose, but if he was in one of his faraway moods, he'd just stare out into space and never know it was there for 10 or 15 minutes." Bartlett rolled the tension stone around in his palm at the thought. Maybe he was planning to have Higley feed McElroy breakfast, too.

END

***CUS IS BACK ABOARD***



## A BIG NEW BUS



When Cus D'Amato got hold of him, Buster Mathis was fast, blubbery and promising. He is faster now, much slimmer and so promising that both are talking championship **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Searching for a fighter who is going to become heavyweight champion of the world is one of the more fruitless endeavors optimistic man can engage in. There have been 82 champions since James Figg in 1720, an average of one every three years but, curiously, the depressing odds seem to spur rather than discourage would-be owners of heavyweight titleholders. Now there are five men who believe that they have the heavyweight in hand to defeat Muhammad Ali. Four of the five are wealthy young sportsmen; the fifth is Cus D'Amato, the savvy and former manager of Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres, who at least has had some experience with champions. The object of their hopes is a giant, chocolate-brown Negro named Buster Mathis, who was until a couple of years ago 300 pounds of punchless blubber. Now 22, Mathis has slimmed down to 235, and he and his backers have found muscles and a punch no one had ever suspected. So far Mathis has had 16 fights, and won all, 12 by knockouts. The fights have been six-rounders, mainly because D'Amato has no wish to rush his charge. Within a couple of months D'Amato calculates that Buster will step up to 10-rounders and take on the likes of Joe Frazier, esteemed by many as at least as promising a contender as Mathis. By next fall, if all goes according to plan, Mathis will then knock Muhammad Ali flat and assume the championship of the world.

Promoters already have been after Buster to fight Frazier, but D'Amato has rejected the offers, explaining, "Only a fool puts on a match between two young fellows starting to move up. If we fight now we get \$10,000. If we wait until spring we'll both go home with a minimum of \$100,000." Mathis met and beat Frazier twice as an amateur, and D'Amato has no doubts Mathis will win the next time they meet. "Frazier is the same fighter that he was before," D'Amato says, "and he makes the same mistakes."

Buster Mathis first gained public notice two and a half years ago when he won the U.S. Olympic heavyweight trials. He won by besting Frazier, who went on to take the gold medal at Tokyo after Mathis injured his hand. In the time that has passed, Mathis has greatly improved. And, as of now, he has people, a fad diet, medicine and science going for him. Besides D'Amato, he has his backers—Jimmy Iselin, Mike Martin, Tom Packard and Left Lefferts—all in their 20s, who have formed a company which they call Peers Management. Peers Management so far has laid out more than \$50,000 to help advance Buster toward the championship. Nothing is being left to chance. Jimmy Jacobs, the fight-film tycoon and handball champ, has been retained to

*continued*

**SWEATING OUT "WILLIE"** under baleful glare of Manager Cus D'Amato, Mathis pounds his rapid combination on marked mattress

shoot Mathis' fights in color, and a dietitian looks after his caloric intake. Mathis consumes 10 pounds of steak a week and gulps down gallon after gallon of unsprayed unorganic apple juice and Tiger's Milk. He eats sprouted wheat bread, helps his circulation with Viobin wheat-germ oil and wards off colds with spoonfuls of rose hips, one of the most natural forms of vitamin C in the world. Peers Management, which not only aims to make Mathis champ but the most popular one of all time as well, has given away thousands of bumper stickers, photographs, ballpoint pens and balloons imprinted "Buster Mathis, Next Heavyweight Champ." Mathis' colors are red, white and blue, and his publicity pictures always show him posing with clenched fists in front of the American flag. "Buster has definite feelings of patriotism toward his country," says Jimmy Iselin, the Peers spokesman.

Mathis himself is a showman. Before each fight he dances a jig on his way to the corner, and in the ring he blows kisses to the crowd. During a fight he tries to frighten his opponent by growling. This is a trick D'Amato taught him, and he likes to growl because he feels it gives his punches added oomph. D'Amato has Mathis practice growling when throwing punches in the gym, and Mathis has now refined it to an intimidating "arrghh!" When not growling, Mathis is a likable person. "I got a heart as big as all outdoors," he says.

Mathis is fond of skipping rope and roller skating, offbeat sports that he has polished into fine arts. One of his proudest possessions is a \$125 pair of precision skates. He also likes to fish and sing. Often he croons into a tape recorder so he can play it back and hear himself, and he thinks his voice is marvelous. It is not bad. Sometimes he uses the recorder to broadcast his version of his fight for the championship with Muhammad Ali. Muhammad Ali gets the stuffing knocked out of him. Mathis, in fact, has Muhammad Ali on the brain. "I dream about him more than anybody in the world," he says. "Man, I just dream about that boy three or four times a week. He has never beaten me in my dreams. I guess that's the way I've planned it."

As an amateur, Mathis won the Golden Gloves and Amateur Athletic Union heavyweight titles. When he was the subnovice Gloves champ, he beat the

more experienced open-class champ, Jim Beatty. "Man, I beat everybody," Mathis says. After breaking his right hand before the 1964 Olympics, he ballooned up to his record weight of all time, 369 pounds.

It is just as well for Mathis that that happened after he had attracted the eye of Jimmy Iselin. About three years ago Iselin and his friend, Mike Martin, decided that they wanted to back a fighter who could win the heavyweight championship. "We wanted to find someone who would be deserving of the heavyweight championship," Iselin says with emphasis. "The heavyweight champion of the world, we remembered, was always someone we idolized as kids. Liston was the champion at the time, and we didn't like him, because we thought he was a selfish guy and not the type a heavyweight champion should be. Even though he had won the title, he felt no obligation toward the public. He irked us, to say the least."

Iselin and Martin grew up near each other on the Jersey shore. Iselin's father, Philip, is president of Monmouth Park Race Track and a part owner of the New York Jets with Sonny Werblin. Martin's father, Townsend, also has interests in the track and the Jets. While Iselin was at Lawrenceville and Martin at Choate, two fashionable eastern prep schools, they read everything they could about boxing. They pursued the sport with undiminished fanaticism after they graduated and went on together to Rutgers.

When Martin enlisted in the Navy for four years, he and Iselin kept up their interest and agreed to try to find a fighter they could back for the heavyweight title. Iselin spent months visiting fight clubs all over the East. He attended amateur tournaments as well and saw Mathis win the Olympic trials. In scouting boxers, Iselin rated them the way pro football scouts do college players, modeling his reports on the scouting form the Jets use. He judged each prospect on desire, coordination, background, character and intelligence. He interviewed Jim Beatty. He talked to athletes in other sports, such as Cookie Gilchrist and Ernie Ladd. "They talked a lot," Iselin says, "but I could see they weren't interested." He considered Wilt Chamberlain, who was making noises about fighting for D'Amato, but he rejected this as too gimmicky.

Of all the prospects whom Iselin saw, interviewed or dreamed about, none impressed him as much as Buster Mathis. "Buster Mathis rated out the highest in every category," says Iselin. He checked into Mathis' background and found that Buster had been born in Sledge, Miss., the youngest of eight children. When he was a couple of months old, the family moved north to Grand Rapids, Mich., where the father skipped home. Mathis' mother worked as a cook in a restaurant, and she always told him to "go the right way." Mathis grew up dreaming of making something of himself as a boxer or a football player. His mother died when he was 15, and he went to live with a married brother. The brother turned Mathis out of the house, and he then went to live with friends, Paul Collins and his wife. Collins, who is only seven years older than Mathis, looked after him as he would a son and took him into his sign-painting business.

Meanwhile Mathis, who had dropped out of school, was playing defensive tackle on the Grand Rapids Blazers, a semipro team, "for fun" and boxing at a police youth center. In spite of his weight—when 16 he weighed 275—he was extremely fast. He began to do very well in amateur tournaments, and a New York fight manager, Al Buchman, got in touch with him. Once, when Mathis was still an amateur, Buchman sent him off to Montreal as a sparring partner for Zora Foley. Mathis knocked Foley to his knees with a left hook and was politely excused from his labors.

Iselin informed Martin that Buster Mathis was far and away the most likely prospect. The two then persuaded a friend, Leffert Lefferts, who comes from an old New York Dutch family, to join in backing Mathis. Leffert Lefferts, in turn, got a stockbroker friend, Tom Packard, to come in on the venture. Lefferts and Packard had been members of St. Anthony Hall, a fraternity at Columbia. Of the four, Packard knows the least about boxing, but he is tremendously enthusiastic about Mathis, because, he says, "The only thing that Buster eats, sleeps and drinks is to be a heavyweight champion of the world. I think that's fantastic."

Iselin, Martin, Lefferts and Packard, after forming Peers Management, signed Mathis to a four-year contract in August of 1965. Buchman came along on the



MATHIS GATHERS WITH THREE OF HIS FOUR "PEERS": TOM PACKARD (LEFT), JEFFERT JEFFERTS AND JAMES ISELIN

deal. To give Mathis a proper launching as a professional, they introduced him to the press with a coming-out party at "21."

Difficulties soon arose with Buchman. For one thing, the boys in Peers did not think Mathis showed progress. He won, but he did not seem to be gaining any mastery of his trade. After eight months and nine fights, Buchman was bought out, and Iselin went to see Gus D'Amato, for whom he had great regard. "There is nothing this man doesn't know about the sport," Iselin says, "and he never has used any of his fighters as moneymaking machines."

D'Amato himself had been interested in signing Mathis as a pro. He agreed to manage him on two conditions: that he was to have complete charge of Mathis' boxing, and that he would accept no money for his services until after Iselin and his associates in Peers had recouped the \$50,000 they had already expended. When they break even, they will then split their share of Mathis' earnings annually with D'Amato. In essence, D'Amato now has Mathis on consignment.

Last April Gus took Bus, as Mathis is sometimes called, to a farm in Dutchess County, 100 miles north of New York City. Torres was training there at the

time. "When I first met Gus, I didn't get along," Mathis says. "I didn't know how to hang up my clothes and clean my room. I'm not A-1 yet. He's hard to get along with, and sometimes he's maseable, but he wants to make me champion. This is the only man I met who didn't lie, and he doesn't bite his tongue for anything. There are times I get so mad at Gus I cry. But he's a heck of a man. I have learned more from him than I have from anyone."

D'Amato worked with Mathis as Professor Higgins did with Eliza Doolittle. Every detail was studied. "I wanted to plumb this guy emotionally and mentally," D'Amato says. "I wanted to know what situation I was being confronted with. If I say so myself, there has been a tremendous improvement, emotionally and psychologically."

It was D'Amato who put Mathis on the diet that has shrunk him from 290 to 235. D'Amato himself went on a diet, losing 25 pounds. "If the body is soft and flabby, perhaps the mind is getting that way," says D'Amato. "Dieting is an act of discipline. I gave him a program to build up his discipline and thereby make him a better boxer, which, after all, is fundamental to the problem. I feel that the differences between individual boxers are not so great but that

character makes the difference. I try to get a fighter to learn discipline, to learn how to accept pressure, to perform under pressure, in fact to be able to make pressure work for him. The training process builds up the strength of character which the professional fighter needs to achieve success. I say a professional is that person who, through self-discipline, can set out and accomplish an objective no matter how he feels within."

Before losing weight, Mathis had been a retreating counterpuncher. As he tramped down, he became more aggressive. D'Amato found Mathis had a savage left hook and, with schooling, a right hand that could do damage. He started teaching Mathis how to throw combination punches, which D'Amato defines as "a series of blows to predetermined areas," and had him throwing punches at a contraption called "Willie," so named because D'Amato devised it to help train Torres before he took the light-heavyweight title away from Willie Pastrano.

Willie is five mattresses strapped onto a frame. The front mattress has an outline sketch of a man on it, and various parts of the outline are numbered as targets. No. 1 is a left hook to the jaw, 2 a right hook to the jaw, 3 a left uppercut, 4 a right uppercut, 5 a left hook to

continued

the body and a right hook to the left kidney. Mathis punches each target as D'Amato's voice, on a tape recorder, calls out numbers. D'Amato himself stands to the side, arms folded, carefully watching and occasionally admonishing Mathis to get down lower, move back faster or growl more fiercely.

When Mathis began punching Willie, D'Amato had him throw only one punch every five seconds. Then he gradually speeded up the process, and Mathis can now deliver a five-punch combination in as little as three-fifths of a second. "Frazier couldn't do this," D'Amato says. "He wouldn't have the power, speed, coordination or stamina. Clay couldn't do it either. You have to have done this over a period of months and months."

Every day Mathis goes at least five rounds against Willie. Once, when he complained, D'Amato kept him at it extra hard, and when Mathis was through he had thrown, by D'Amato's count, 12,000 punches. D'Amato says, "I told him Clay had thrown only 1,760 punches in the Chivalo fight and not to complain again." To which Mathis adds, "When I walk into the ring, I figure I gotta win. No one trains as hard as me, runs as hard as me or has had Cus on his back."

In the ring Mathis now uses a modification of the so-called peekaboo style. D'Amato denies that peekaboo is an apt description of the way he taught Patterson and Torres to hold their hands—both held forward, in front of the face. The style, he says, got its nickname from International Boxing Club stooges who were trying to downgrade him. "They downgraded it in contempt," D'Amato says, "but fighters who use it have respect for it—they don't get hit. When they do get hit, like Floyd against Liston, they aren't using it, or aren't using it right. You watch, more fighters now keep their hands up. Fighters who keep their hands down are gambling. They are gambling that they can anticipate the blow and then coordinate to block it. If every blow then becomes a gamble and a fighter continues to gamble long enough, he will get hit. Combination punching has made boxing with the hands down obsolete."

As an example, D'Amato cites Torres' win over Pastrano, and he adds, "Pastrano and Clay have similar styles, the same thinking processes in principle.

Pastrano's downfall came from his inability to change his style, and when Torres showed that he could immobilize him, Pastrano was just an ordinary fighter. This is what I think could happen to Clay. The man who beats Clay must be able to reduce Clay's mobility—and then he's just another boxer. I wouldn't say Clay's style is made to order, but it wouldn't present the same problem to Buster that it does to anyone else."

The only training drawback so far, D'Amato says, is that Mathis suffers from a lack of awkward sparring partners. "I have to get awkward guys," says D'Amato. "Awkward guys can make you look bad, and their awkwardness forces a fighter to think. I try to get Buster to use his imagination. But awkward guys who are still competent are hard to find. A guy who is awkward and not competent, you can handle him. But a guy who is competently awkward can hit you, and you have to learn how to cope with him."

In an effort to get Mathis a better grade of sparring partners, Iselin is now offering to let ranking heavyweights who have signed for a fight train at his camp. Facilities and food will be free, and Mathis will be available for sparring. If Clay wants to come, he will be welcome, Iselin claims.

"Most young fighters are not afforded the opportunity they deserve to develop and become proficient fighters," says Iselin. "We have been offered main events with many fighters—Chivalo, Eddie Machen, James Woody, Joe Frazier. What we want to do with Buster is make sure that when we send him into the ring we have done everything we can to insure that his performance will be up to par."

"Buster has reacted to good handling and good care so fast and improved so much it's amazing. But he still is, in many ways, an amateur. He must be seasoned. This is the same in any sport. In racing, 2-year-olds that are run hard usually end up breaking down and never have a career as 3-year-olds."

"Buster still has things to improve upon. We could have had 25 knockouts in a row if we wanted him to fight stuff, but each fight he goes into must mean something. In Cassius Clay's first fights he had a lot of luck. He fought Sonny Banks, and he got knocked down. He fought Henry Cooper, and he went down. When he fought Doug Jones, he won by

the skin of his teeth. When he fought Billy Daniels, Daniels was ahead on every card when all of a sudden a cut opened up over his right eye and they stopped the fight. In the first Liston fight, Clay wanted to quit."

"Well, this is a lot of luck. I don't want to bring Buster Mathis along with luck. I want to make sure that when he goes in there to do the job, he can."

Recently Iselin took a spin in his Jaguar Mk Xup to Dutchess County to see how Bus and Cus were doing. During the visit Mathis did one of his broadcasts of his fight with Cassius Clay.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mathis began, "We're here at Madison Square Garden for the heavyweight championship fight of the world between Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee and Buster Mathis. Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee is a five-four favorite. Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee weighs in at 207, Buster Mathis weighs 235. Here comes Buster Mathis! He looks at Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee like confident all over his face."

"Bong! Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee comes out, shoots a jab at Mathis. Mathis slips it. Mathis is just as fast as Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee. Mathis shoots a jab and hits Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee on the top of the head. Mathis hits Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee with a left! He drops him! Eight count! Bong! Round one is over."

"Bong. Mathis comes out, shoots a jab, a right, a left. Mathis is jabbin' all the time. Mathis is down!"

"Jesus!" exclaimed Iselin, genuinely alarmed.

"He takes an eight count!" Mathis goes on. "There's the bell for the end of the round!"

"Bong! Round three. Mathis is not as strong, movin' back, movin' back. Mathis hits Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee. Mathis is jabbin', jabbin'. He hits Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee in the body. Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee looks like he's hurt! Mathis is forcin' the fight. Both have respect for one another tonight. Mathis hits Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee with a right! Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee is out! He can't get up. Buster Mathis is the new world's champion!"

When his preachment was over, Mathis shook with laughter. It was no joke to Iselin. "Gee," he said to his fighter, "you got me upset when you had yourself going down."

Mathis smiled. "Don't worry," he said, "I just do that to make it exciting. A lot of times I even let Mo-hamm-id Ah-lee go to the 10th round." **END**



## Hennessy & Soda

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# A VISIT FROM A PROUD STRANGER

After 10 years of observing and logging the habits of hawks, usually while crouched under a damp blind, the writer is witness to a rare and rewarding event

by **BIL GILBERT**

From late fall until early winter one of the spectacles of the natural world is played along the ridges of the Appalachian Mountains. There and then the diurnal birds of prey make their migration from northern breeding grounds to winter ranges in the southern U.S. and Central America. Such is the appeal of the raptorial birds and their concentrated flight that hawk watching has become something of a specialty among ornithologists. On a good flying weekend in the fall, several thousand spectators will be perched on exposed locations along the migration route: at the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary near Dreherstown, Pa.; at Waggoner's and Cowan's gaps, also in Pennsylvania; Black Rocks and Washington Knob in Maryland; Mount Weather in Virginia; Berkeley Springs in West Virginia.

For 10 years now I have been going up the ridges, not only to watch the birds of prey, but to try to live-trap them in an ancient and ingenious device called a bow net. Occasionally a bird so trapped is retained to train for the sport of falconry, but most of them, some 30 or 40 a season, are examined, measured, ringed around the leg with an aluminum band provided by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and then released to continue their southward flight.

My notes from the 10 seasons of bow-netting are bound in a loose-leaf folder that now weighs four pounds, slightly more than a large female red-tailed hawk. This log indicates that during the past decade I have gone up to the mountains 211 days and spent 4,354 hours hunched in a brush-covered blind manipulating the lines of a bow-net trap.

Hawk blinds, high up in the wind, are cold and cramped. Hawks are easily spooked, so the trapper must sit as nearly motionless as possible, his only exercise being to swing a pigeon on a rope, hour after hour, and to move his eyes back and forth across the horizon.

Quite recently four of us spent a day in a hawk blind, seven hours during which we experienced both rare and ordinary pleasure. If there is an answer to those who ask why you do it, it is probably to be found in the events of my 211th day of hawk trapping.

On the night before, three friends, Bill, Bob and Ruth, who collectively had driven 700 miles to get here, assembled in the kitchen of our house, which, like a hawk blind, sits on a mountain spur. We listened to the rain outside and talked weather and wind, which are the *sine qua non* of the hawk migration. Because the objective of the birds is to fly from north to south and the general configuration of the Appalachian ridges is a more or less east-southwest arc, the very best winds are from the northern and western quadrants. These winds strike the steep sides of the ridges, creating strong updrafts. The hawks seek out these buoyant, upwelling currents and glide upon them effortlessly, congregating above the ridgetops. South and east winds *continued*

confuse the flight, scattering the birds across the valleys. No wind, no updrafts from any quarter, is bad, and worst of all is rain. Then the birds do not fly at all. The water makes their feathers heavy, and they sensibly wait out the storm perched on the interior limbs of sheltering trees.

On this night the rain signified the approach of a high-pressure system moving out of the upper Midwest. If it passed quickly it would leave behind a good hawk day—high winds, brisk and clear. If the front and the rain lingered over the mountains we would have no day at all. Whatever agency administers the affairs of high-pressure fronts put in a good few hours' work while we slept. At 5, when we got up, though it was still dark the cloud cover had broken and the tattered remnants were being chased toward the Atlantic by stiff northwesterlies. By sunset we had driven 50 miles, turned off the highway on an abandoned logging road and parked at the foot of the ridge, on top of which is the blind. A good hawking ridge must be narrow, with a bald, cleared spot on the summit in which to set the bow-net rig. This is an old device—perhaps 1,000 years old—brought to a high point of refinement by medieval professionals. The first part of the rig is the blind—"an organized brush pile," as Bill calls it. A low pole frame is set into a thicket on the edge of the clearing and covered with branches and burlap. When it comes to seeing and reacting to movement hawks have the finest eyes of any living creature. Therefore the only uncovered openings in a blind are a series of narrow, head-high observation slits looking out over the clearing.

In the center of the clearing is sunk a 25-foot section of straight, peeled sapling, the lure pole. A strong line runs from the top of this pole into the blind. To this line is attached a pigeon in a leather harness. The leather harness is cut with slits for the wings and feet so that the pigeon can, though restrained by the lines, flap his wings and fly in place. From the blind the trapper swings the pigeon in circles around the top of the pole, so that to an oncoming hawk the lure will appear to be exactly what it is, an entangled bird, an easy mark. If in God's own good time a hawk is attracted and dives into the clearing, the lure pigeon is dropped to the ground and scuttles into a small sanctuary box set at the bottom of the pole. The trapper must then transfer the hawk's attention to a second, or bait, pigeon, which is tethered within the circumference of the bow net. The bow net is a semicircular frame, with a three-foot radius covered with a tough mesh. The horns of the frame are fastened to the ground by a stake pin-axle arrangement, over which the net wings freely. When set, the frame is bent back against the tension of heavy rubber straps or springs, and pegged to the ground by a trigger, which can be tripped by pulling on another line that runs back to the blind. If a hawk is brought to the clearing by the flapping lure bird, the trapper jiggles on the line to the bait pigeon staked in the net. If the hawk then pounces on this pigeon the trigger is pulled, the bow spins up over its axle and slaps to the ground, the mesh enveloping the hawk.

Taking a hawk with a bow net has been compared to fly-fishing in the sky. This is a suggestive but purely figurative analogy. Unlike a fish in a pool, a hawk has an almost unlimited area of maneuver and is a far stronger, quicker, more resourceful creature than any trout ever hatched. It

takes, for example, about .18 second for a quick bow net to flip over its axle and slam shut against the ground. If there is any delay—a slow hand on the trigger line, a sticky spring—a hawk sitting flat-footed (so to speak) on the ground can beat the net, turn and fly free before it is covered by the mesh.

Once we had laid out the lines and set the net and trigger, the two pigeons were put in place. Not many pigeons are sacrificed, and the occasional sacrifice is not as bloody as nontrappers assume. However, the fact remains that to catch a live hawk you must offer him two live pigeons to kill. There are many rationalizations: pigeons used for hawk trapping are jacklighted in barns, where otherwise they would be shot for befouling the hay; you eat squash, chicken and lamb, put elk's hide on your feet or a hell-grammite on your hook without experiencing any moral crisis, etc. Yet it boils down to a simple matter of the means being justified by the end. You would rather catch a hawk than not sacrifice a pigeon. So you go ahead and tie 500 or so pigeons into the nets, brooding a little each time.

With the bow net on the ground and the pigeons on our conscience, the four of us squeezed into the blind and commenced the principal business of bow-netting—waiting. The waiting is hypnotic. Partly it is the point-of-flame phenomenon of mystic fame—staring at a familiar object until fantastic sensations are achieved. After even a few hours, to say nothing of a few years, every contour line, every rock, every thicket overlooked by the blind is so well known that even a small thing—a limb broken off an oak a quarter of a mile away—is immediately noticed and becomes an object of speculation.

The hallucinations are not all metaphysical. The waiting, the concentration on the far horizon, along with anticipation, produces visual distortions. There is a phenomenon that trappers call "hawk spots." Suddenly one sees a small black dot moving against the sky like a gliding hawk. The trappers whisper urgently, "Here comes one," only to find that the spot is a mirage, not a hawk but an aberration of one's own vision. Butterflies, or even honeybees, flying a few inches in front of the observation slits, are often misidentified as hawks by eyes focused on some distant point in the sky.

The first hawk of genuine substance we saw that morning was a sharp-shin. Sharp-shins are, in a sense, the *butcherbirds* to the great choir of migrating hawks. They are small, agile hunters and are very numerous along the ridges during the fall. The sharp-shin is the lesser member of the Accipiter genus of hawk. All Accipiters have short wings and long, rudderlike tails that make them the most maneuverable of all the birds of prey. While pursuing quarry through thick cover, they can literally turn square corners. Sharp-shins are the smallest birds regularly migrating along the ridges, with a wingspan of about 20 inches. They are seldom taken in bow nets, pigeons being much too big for them. Therefore when the first sharp-shin rose against the woods and started straight in toward the clearing, Bill, on the lure line, kept the black-and-white lure bird in the air. This pigeon, a veteran of a hundred or so buzzings by sharp-shins, gave a few evasive flaps, more it seemed out of a sense of duty than from fear. The little hawk made three passes, pivoting around the lure pole in tight circles

and giving a piercing *kee, kee, kee* scream of irritation. Then realizing he was overmatched by the pigeon, the sharp-shin turned and, flying only a few feet above the ground, came across the clearing directly toward the blind. Before he rose to pass over the brush pile and out of sight, he was close enough so that we could stare straight into his blazing eyes.

In replica, on a heraldic banner, in a museum case or the pages of a bird guide, the dramatic features of the birds of prey seem to be their talons, powerful wings and curved beaks, but face to face with a wild, live hawk, it is the eyes that seem to dominate. The eye of a hawk is incandescent. If you do not know or have forgotten, look into the eye of a hawk, and you will see that life burns hot and fierce.

After the first, there was a steady patter of sharp-shins, drifting into the clearing, flitting about the lure pigeon and then gliding off down the ridge. Mixed in with these little hawks were a few red-tails. These are big, heavy-bodied, broad-winged (four-and-a-half-foot spread) birds, strong and tenacious hunters, capable and, when the mood is on them, willing to come to a trapper's pigeons. Season after season more red-tails are banded in the mountains than any other species. The first red-tails that came down the ridge stayed airborne, ignoring the lure because they were not hungry, had been alarmed or perhaps simply because they would rather ride the updrafts than stoop to pigeons.

Finally a red-tail better adapted to bow-netting appeared. He spotted the lure bird from nearly half a mile up the ridge, gave a little double-take jump in the air, as hawks do when their attention has been engaged, and then came boring through the wind toward the clearing, wings stiff, legs out straight, talons open for business. When he was a hundred feet away the lure bird was dropped into the hiding box, and the hawk adjusted his glide toward the bait pigeon. The red-tail hit a few feet in front of the net and skidded along the ground into it, grappling for the pigeon. The trigger was pulled, and both birds were caught under the mesh.

After the red-tail was banded, measured, admired and released, there was a lull, an hour when nothing was seen flying and the human components of the traps tended to relax like fatigued springs. Then, suddenly, the tension was almost unbearably restored. Something that seemed to be a small black cloud but that flapped like a bird dropped straight down against the lure pigeon. "My God," I whispered to my friends, "it's the world's biggest red-tail!"

If nothing else, you would think that 1,350 hours of sitting in the blind would have prepared me to identify whatever came flying down the ridge. Yet there is some excuse for the first misidentification. Nothing like this creature had come to the nets in 10 seasons, or 210 previous days. It was as unexpected, as well as seeming almost as large, as a pterodactyl. In the moment of confusion and disbelief that followed, the golden eagle—for that was the cloud that flew like a bird—grabbed the lure pigeon, holding it by the leather harness (fortunately for the pigeon) as casually as a man dallying with an olive on a toothpick. The lure line was pulled tight, lifting both the pigeon

and the attached eagle into the air, then dropped smartly to the ground. The eagle hit with an audible thud and released his hold on the lure harness. He sat for a moment looking puzzled, as if thinking, "By gad, what power in that pigeon." Then seeing the second bait bird, which we were frantically wiggling, the eagle, in one flapping jump of 10 feet, landed in the net and was trapped.

The eagle lay on his back under the net, his talons held above his breast extending through the mesh, reaching toward us. This back-to-the-ground position is the last-stand defensive maneuver of all the birds of prey. So extricating smaller hawks from the net has become a casual thing. One hand is waved above the net to distract the bird, while the other goes under the frame of the bow and catches the two legs together at the "ankle," immobilizing the dangerous talons.

With the eagle, however, quantity altered the quality of the operation. The foot of the eagle was as broad as a man's open hand, and each toe was tipped with three inches of curved talon, as sharp and twice as thick as an ice pick. With such equipment an eagle can kill a fox or a fawn and, as the moment suggested, make confetti out of a man's hand. A shirt was thrown over the bird's head, but even so the hand that went under the net was clammy. Once the fist closed down on the two legs, it held on, quite literally, for all and whatever it was worth.

Our eagle was a male. Birds of prey are sexed by size, the females being the larger. Immense as this bird seemed with his six-and-a-half-foot wingspread, a large female might have measured eight feet. His plumage was adult. The back and wings were chocolate-black, but there was a bold, severe chevron of white slashed across the base of his tail. The hackles on his neck glinted as though they had been lightly dusted with powdered gold.

Imperial was the word for our captive. Unlike the carrion-eating, fish-snatching bald, or American, eagle, this was a true eagle, *Aquila*, the imperial eagle of antiquity. Imperial he looked and imperial he acted. If he felt the grip on his legs shift, he would make a lunge for freedom, but otherwise he kept his dignity. He sat quite calmly, wings folded, beak clamped shut, staring straight ahead as though his tricky captors were beneath notice as well as contempt.

We behaved with less aplomb than he, babbling, fidgeting, jiggling in excitement. Eagles are magnificent, striking creatures and would be even if they were as common as mallard ducks, which they are not. Except for a few off-course strays (gyrfalcons blown in from the Arctic or rough-legs from the high western plains), the golden eagle is the rarest migrant bird of prey in the East. It is rare because its former hunting and breeding territory has been cleared and civilized, and because, being a bird of prey, it has drawn the particular and persistent attention of civilized gunners. (One "sportsman" who developed the technique of blasting eagles out of the sky from the cockpit of a light plane claims to have executed 8,000 golden eagles in 10 years.)

The day of our eagle was, as we later discovered, coincidentally the anniversary of the passage, three years earlier, of a federal law that outlawed the hunting of golden eagles, giving them the same protected status as the less impressive but more political American eagle. Unfortunately, this law, like so much wildlife legislation, was passed after the

*continued*

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## HAWKING continued

crisis had been reached. At this late date there is small reason to believe that the golden eagle will become anything but rarer. Having waited 10 years for the first eagle, there is a good chance we will wait longer for the second. Therefore we measured the bird delicately, as though handling an irreplaceable work of art.

One of the pseudoscientific projects of our bow-netting activities is to determine the weight that birds of prey can carry into the air. Curiosity about this was originally aroused by periodic reports of tiny sparrow hawks flying away with chickens and three-pound red-tails carrying off 15-pound turkeys. In fact, hawks can lift only about three-fourths of their own weight. To test a bird's weight-carrying capacity, it is temporarily restrained by a long, light line to which are attached lead weights. The weight is adjusted until the bird can rise into the air with it. Naturally, line and weights are removed before the bird is released. Since our weight-lifting apparatus was designed for red-tails and smaller hawks, there were certain technical problems in adapting it to test a 12-pound eagle. However, we never had a chance to prove our ingenuity, for Ruth promptly and properly squeaked the whole idea.

"You are not," she did not ask, but stated, "going to make that eagle drag a ball and chain across the ground."

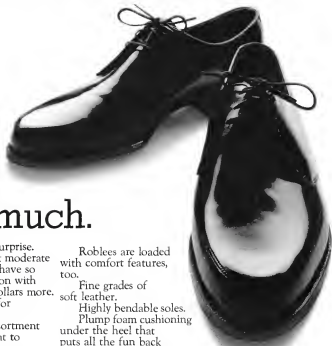
And so we tossed the eagle into the air. He rose, still with dignity rather than a terrified rush, and made several slow, low circles over the clearing. The purpose of this maneuver probably was to reorientate himself. However, from where we stood, silent and motionless on the ground, it seemed to be a sort of contemptuous salute. We had fooled him with our tricky pigeons and our busy minds and monkey hands, but we had not put him down.

So, for the 211th day, the 1,354th hour of bow-netting, I made a unique entry in my notebook. "12:09. Golden eagle. Mature, male. Wingspread 76 inches, length 33 inches. Weight 11 lbs. 8 oz. No crop. Wind NNW 13 mph. Temp. 48. No band—none large enough. No weight lift. Released after photos."

To take an eagle is a rare experience, ornithologically and esthetically. But when it was over we knew we had been put in our place, knew our place, and knew no better place to be.

END

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# CUTOUTS AND PASTE-ONS IN THE DESERT SUN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

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The new swimsuits for this resort season are made of just enough red to stop traffic by a desert swimming pool or on a Canbbean beach, the other necessary ingredient in the design being sun-tanned skin, and a lot of it. There probably is more material used in the suits in these pages than in any bikini, but the way they have been cut away and stretched around the body's contours you'd never know it. Some of the paring away is asymmetrical. The suit in the photograph on the cover, worn by Marilyn Tindall, is made of Dacron knit. It would be a classic bikini if it did not stretch down to a button on one side. And the suit that Marilyn wears at right in Arizona's Apache Lake canyon would be a simple, classic maillot—if it were not sculpted away to its barest essentials. There are other artistic cutouts in the swimsuits on the following pages, and some artistic paste-ons as well. With the paste-on suits, the beginnings of a new teen-age fad, each girl can decorate her own body with butterflies, flowers, stars and hearts—a sort of temporary tattoo.

All of these swimsuit photographs were taken in the desert and canyon country that surrounds Scottsdale, Ariz., a burgeoning resort area described by Liz Smith in an article beginning on page 36.









Perched on an Apache Lake boulder (left), Lynn Brophy displays a suit that is collarbone-high, hipbone-low. Framed by reflected desert palms, Marilyn Tindall wears a bikini with its top out away in graceful curves.



Over and around the barest vinyl bikini: Enn Gray has decorated her body with fluorescent paste-on tattoos. They come in a kit that also contains surgical glue. Other paste-ons go way out—like the cartoon of acrobatic surfers at night. A word of caution—when the paste-ons come off after a day in the sun, the design lingers on.

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## WHERE TO BUY

The swimsuit worn by Marilyn Tindall on the cover was designed by Bill Blass for Roxanne and is of 100% stretch Dacron knit. It is \$28 at Bonwit Teller, New York City; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Goldwater's, Phoenix; Martha's, Palm Beach, Fla. On the opening color page Marilyn's maillot, designed by Rikki for Sport Trio, is of Helanca nylon stretch fabric. It is \$27 at Henri Bendel, New York City. On the following page, Lynn Brophy wears a swimsuit with high square-cut neckline and pared-away back. It is \$28 at Bergdorf Goodman, New York City. It was designed by Rikki for Sport Trio, as was the sculptured bikini worn by Marilyn on the next page; \$23 at Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Sakowitz, Houston; all Saks Fifth Avenue stores. The vinyl swimsuit worn by Enn Gray on the page opposite this is by Tiger Morse. The cutout vinyl decals come packaged separately with a tube of surgical adhesive for easy, nonirritating gluing to the skin. The swimsuit is \$25, the packet with cutouts is \$2.50. The vinyl swimsuit worn by Enn (above) has a surfing cartoon attached to its strapless bra. It is \$23. Both swimsuits and cutouts are at Angie's, Chicago; Bergdorf Goodman, New York City; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Tiger Morse's Teeny Weeny Shop, New York City.

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The new Arizona resorts are intent on preserving the desert landscape. The rough at Carefree is a cactus forest.

# THE DESERT IS ARIZONA'S OCEAN

BY LIZ SMITH

The air, the sun and a horde of swinging resorters have turned the playgrounds near Scottsdale from sedentary retreats into places as active as any in the Caribbean

The house is cantilevered out from a mountainous rock pile. Everything about it is as new as next week, except for the view of the giant saguaro-cactus-strewn desert that is much the same as it was when the Hohokams trailed across the Continental Mountains into the valley 2,000 years ago. It sits very much at home in this desert landscape, for the building materials are a camouflaging sandstone, and the flat roof has been graveled in pebbles from the desert itself. The owner goes up the crunchy path to his study, stepping carefully to miss the needle-sharp cacti that line the walkway. A gigantic boulder protrudes halfway into the house, with a wall of glass that frames the view set right into a groove in the rock. The Westerner steps to the house intercom and says tersely: "Betty, turn on the waterfall."

This is landlocked Arizona's famous

Valley of the Sun, where the living is lush and water now springs into the desert on command, where million-dollar houses and 36-hole golf courses, luxury resort hotels and canyon lakes are being built at such a clip that soon California and Florida may well start wondering where all the tourists went.

Arizona's message is now getting to a growing group that does not suffer from asthma, emphysema or arteriosclerosis. "We are getting a lot of bounce-backs," says one native. "By that I mean young people who go out to California, find it isn't what it's cracked up to be and bounce back here to stay." Even the Scottsdale Chamber of Commerce insists that its average citizen is probably 36 or younger.

Yet something about the dry, ultraviolet air of the living desert preserves all the old myths. It is hard to discard the notion that only elderly millionaires can enjoy the luxurious life of the famous oasis resorts in the Valley of the Sun. After all, you do see quite a few grizzled types on the streets, and there is that sign that seems to carry status a step too far in front of the Millionaire's Club in Scottsdale. The myth was no myth, however, when the palatial San Marcos Resort opened at nearby Chandler 59 years ago and when the Wrigley family commissioned an apostle of Frank Lloyd Wright to design the now stately Biltmore in 1928. In those days the trip from New York to Phoenix took two days and three nights on the train. In fact, it was a heck of a long way from anywhere outside Arizona to the Valley, so people only came if they intended to stay awhile. Winter guests arrived for the "season"—January to Easter—and you had to have the time and money.

For all that, life in the oasis was never quite as sedate as legend would have it. The sun and bracing dry air revived even the most mummified and sent them out onto the golf courses and bridle paths to enjoy the huge imported palms, the purple mountains and the groves of fragrant orange and lemon trees. Yet compared to the yeasty active types arriving nowadays those visitors seem like denizens of the Petrified Forest.

The new resorters are not juvenile go-go types. They are the mature, hard-driving, golf-bag guys—executives, scientists, doctors, lawyers and engineers, who work hard and play harder. Chances

are they were first introduced to the Valley's superb golf climate and some of its 36 different courses during a blue-chip business convention or professional seminar in the off-season months just before or after the January-to-March high season. Liking Arizona, they came back and brought their wives, who fell hard for the combination of desert beauty and simulated roughing it.

As a result, new vitality and energy are being pumped into the area. The Valley of the Sun is swinging—especially its golf clubs. Many more golf resorts are planned, the seasons are growing longer, hotels are staying open year-round, package rates are better and even the saddle horse is coming back into its own. In addition, these younger, more vital visitors are demanding new attractions to go with golf, poolside loitering and resort living. They want skeet shooting and jeep rides into the back country and desert-trail riding. They have discovered that a small airplane can take them skiing, fishing, boating, water skiing or big-game hunting in a matter of minutes, all in Arizona. For these people, the Valley is bursting with polo, trotting, Thoroughbred and quarter-horse racing, dog tracks and bowling alleys. And Maricopa County is developing a Sun Circle Trail for hikers, cyclists and equestrians which will be 125 miles long and will completely encircle the little resort towns that surround Phoenix.

These are the city's beguiling, diamond-studded decorations. There is Paradise Valley, where property sells for as much as \$20,000 an acre. Barry Goldwater lives here, perched on a hilltop, his short-wave antenna higher than anybody else's. There is Scottsdale, which calls itself "the West's most Western town," to the consternation of a host of urbane sophisticates who despise such a corny image. There is Carefree, a splendid new resort 20 miles to the north in a beautiful saguaro-cactus forest; and Litchfield Park, developed around the attractive Wigwam Country Club resort, where the Goodyear Company is building a model community for 90,000 by 1990. There is Chandler, where the San Marcos has just spent \$42,000 on new sod to keep its golf course open all year. There is the little college town of Tempe, its streets filled with Arizona State students, and there is Mesa, the Gateway to the Superstition Mountains and the Lost

Dutchman mine. There is Wickenburg, with its fabulous dude ranches, typified by the Rancho de los Caballeros—and a host of other pleasant spots with appealing names like Surprise, Queen Creek, Bagchule, Ocotillo, Komatike, Buckeye, El Mirage and Palo Verde.

Thirty-five years ago Phoenix was such a little back hole in the trail west that they ran a sprinkling wagon up and down the two main streets to tamp down the dust kicked up by horses. The morning after the 18th Amendment went into effect, the sprinkler wagon was filled with the town's entire stock of wine, beer and whiskey, and that is what it sprinkled, while parched cowboys ran after the spray, catching it in their felt hats.

Phoenix retains remnants of this Wild West past. Sheriff's sales are still posted on open bulletins in the heart of town. Indians straight out of Central Casting stand on street corners in blinding turquoise shirts and dusty black hats. At the Big Apple, the waitresses, far from being topless, pack real six-shooters. But mostly Phoenix is a smart modern urban community, turning a clean smiling face to the visitor. And why not? The tourist is the butter on the Valley's tortilla, the chili pepper in its hot sauce and the salt around the rim of its Margarita. "This area lives on tourists. I think most people here realize that, and they don't resent tourists a bit," says Scottsdale Society Writer Nina Juliber. "We draw just about the nicest people in the world, and they come to us from all over the world. We are lucky. For some reason, we simply don't get creeps like other resorts."

Phoenix and its playground somewhat resemble the famous cocktail tree of the region, a unique member of the citrus family found growing in many a patio. Delicate graftings enable the tree to grow lemons, oranges, limes, grapefruit and tangerines, all from one trunk. If Phoenix is the trunk of the tree, and the resorts the sun-ripened fruits, then Scottsdale is the tree's pink grapefruit. With its pseudo-western flavor, its stores selling boots and moccasins, its longest annual all-horse parade in the world preceding its Parada del Sol Rodeo, its mixture of movie-set-western, New Orleans-bawdyhouse and early-Indian-reservation architecture, downtown Scottsdale seems to have a mild case of "the cutes."

enacted

Its snazzy Fifth Avenue resort street is a hoked-up mélange of shops selling everything from Indian jewelry to stick candy, and there are enough "outfits" to stretch from Hobe Sound to Honolulu. There is a little too much of the tourist-trap feeling in some of the local craftsmen's shops, and the proliferating art galleries sell a range from the mediocre to the ridiculous, including acres of Arizona-sunset canvases, which the natives invariably describe emphatically as "oil paintings." It is difficult to find a dress, gown, sweater or apron that doesn't have either a cactus or a road-runner embroidered on it. But the sophisticated shopper will be able to separate the sweet from the sour, and if Scottsdale's Fifth Avenue is a little overrated, it is still absorbing. For one thing,

that's not all there is. Another shopping area lies across the Old Scottsdale Road, and it, too, demands a visit. Here there are fetching bars, restaurants, ice cream parlors and places with fascinating things to sell—stained-glass windows, shark's jaws, checkers made of flowers and mushrooms, and fine antiques.

At Troy's Western Store there is casually on sale, no bigger than a packet of Kleenex, a rescue blanket made of high-visibility, waterproof, radar-reflecting, treated cloth, "easy to spot from the air." Air is the magic word in Arizona these days—both to inhale and to fly in. Visitors choking on Los Angeles or New York smog come to the Valley of the Sun, breathe deeply and smile.

"Welcome Cessna Dealers" is a typical Phoenix convention sign, and nowhere

could airplane manufacturers and dealers find a more responsive audience. At Sky Harbor Municipal Airport in Phoenix, Pilot Bill Cutter waits for vacationers to play 18 holes of golf, then takes them in his Bonanza for a day or two of fishing at Guaymas or at one of Arizona's chain of lakes. He can whisk them in an hour to Flagstaff to ski Mount Humphreys Peak, or even on to Aspen. Aerial tours of old copper mines, ghost towns, Monument Valley, the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon are popular. "When we came here in 1950," says Bill, "we never hauled anybody less than 60 years old. Now we get young kids who want to fly over to Lake Havasu to water-ski."

That is the outdoor side to life in the Valley, but as Satchel Paige once said, "The social ramble just ain't restful." And this might well describe the high-powered goings-on that characterize other aspects of the Valley scene. There is everything from a first try at a debutante ball this season to big benefits such as the annual Aid to the Zoo horse show to be held in the Phoenix Coliseum from March 8 to March 12. Then there is Mrs. Fowler McCormack's All-Arabian horse show each February (SI, February 21, 1966). There is a lot of entertaining out at the Biltmore and the Paradise Valley Country Club, and there is even more entertaining at home. There are those who do it up very formally in dinner jackets, and there are the hearty hostesses of the fried-meat-and-whiskey persuasion. ("Whatcha serving at your party, Eula?" "Oh, just fried meat and whiskey.")

The Valley loves to dress up for charity, and the season grows hectic with at least one benefit a week, culminating in the Symphony Ball. By the time this happens in May, the ladies have run out of clothes, their husbands have run out of patience and every available extra man from Tucson to Tumacacori has been pressed into service. (Like most resorts, the Valley suffers from a man shortage.)

There are interesting places to eat out, the Toots Shor's of Scottsdale being Joe Hunt's Steak House, which the genial 6-foot-6 former softball star took over from the Goldwaters after an abortive family attempt to run a restaurant on the same premises as one of their department stores. Joe, who is somewhat famous in these parts for having once played a ball game from a rocking chair at first base, loves to tell how the Gold-

Even the Biltmore, haunt of conservative aristocracy, is changing with the times.



water backers came in during the election and quizzed him. "You're helping Barry out, aren't you, Joe?" they'd say anxiously. "Sure," Joe, the lifelong Democrat would say, thinking of the rent he paid the Goldwaters. "I'm sending him a check every month."

Joe's is one of the nice places to dance in the Valley, his Los Patojos Band being a snappy group that can play anything by ear. The resort hotels all offer decorous "society dancing." There is also a French Quarter nightclub at the nearby pink-and-purple Safari Hotel, while the younger generation gravitates to two rock 'n' roll spots, the Red Dog and J.D.'s. Scottsdale offers a Gay Nineties atmosphere at Lulu Belle's, some fine Mexican food in a variety of private homes turned restaurant and two good French spots—Etienne's and Cher Louis. There are numerous Chinese restaurants, although the Valley's 3,400 Chinese do not offer one Chinese laundry.

One of the popular excursions in the Valley is a turn on Lincoln Drive past the Mountain Shadows and Camelback Inns onto Desert Fairways Drive through Paradise Valley. A guide like Al Cooley of the Tanner Gray Line tours tells you whose house is whose and fills in the interesting details. The dream homes here have two types of landscaping—green lawns paid for at an extraordinary price (water is precious in Arizona even when it is plentiful) or landscaping with gravel, sand and natural growth of century plants, creosote bushes or paloverde, the beautiful state tree. Homes here are frequently built of brick that has been made to resemble the oldtime adobe. No tour is considered complete without a look at the house of Walker McCune, one of Texaco's largest stockholders. Estimated to be worth \$1 million to \$5 million, it is on 37 acres that cost \$10,000 an acre. It has a swimming pool, an ice-skating rink, a 16-car garage and, according to Cooley, 28 bathrooms—"one for every day in February."

From there it is a short drive through the glorious Biltmore Estates, down roads lined with sour-orange trees, into the atmosphere of the solid old resort past of yesterday. There are tasteful private homes in Biltmore Estates—such as that of the Cudabys of the Chicago meat-packing fortune. The Biltmore is a perfect example of one resort extreme in the Valley—a place of entrenched tradition, a hotel so steeped in the ways of the past that its largely Filipino work



Visitors to the area think nothing of flying off for a day of skiing up at Fairstaff.

force returns faithfully each year. The Biltmore has its own stables and 26 miles of bridle trails. Some guests still bring their horses from the East to share their vacations, and the horses graze on the most expensive real estate in Arizona. Backgammon tables and a Dow-Jones ticker tape in the lobby are touches missing in most other Valley resorts. The Biltmore, however, is making concessions to change—it may soon stay open all year round, and it has begun to advertise for dinner customers in the local papers.

If the Biltmore represents the old Arizona, the Chamber of Commerce could find no better image for the new than the three-year-old Carefree Inn, 20 miles north of Scottsdale. Carefree is designed to make use of the desert as a dramatic natural backdrop, with the golf course blending into the rugged terrain, as far removed from the parklike greens of the Biltmore as possible. Carefree offers fast but casual service, hearty friendliness minus any hint of social direction, unobtrusive convenience and luxury, exclusivity because of its out-of-town location, but no snobishness. There is good trail riding on "desert safaris," and there are moonlight rides with a colorful cowboy character named Hube Yates and champagne breakfasts in the desert—they move furniture, coolers, chafing dishes to a picturesque spot, where eggs Benedict are served topped with caviar.

Here is a letter a stunned New Yorker wrote just after arriving at Carefree: "I'm sitting at a lovely table under a

Spanish lantern in a luxurious room. Beyond the 18-foot glass doors hang the McDowell Mountains, purple and mauve with sunset. Between is the desert, all spiny and thorny, blue-gray by necessity—green leaves cost water. Does the mind reel? It is merely a sudden dizziness caused by too much ozone in the air and not enough sulphur dioxide. I never knew amog was addictive, but I have withdrawal pains.

"There is something even more addictive about this country. You are only here about three hours when anxiety starts. Will they have sold the last two acres before you can get to the real estate agent? Back East Harry Goldwater was a joke, but in Arizona he suddenly seems poetic and attractive.

"The desert is what the ocean is to us back home. It has an odor, a movement, a sense of infinity all its own. Though civilization is creeping up on it, here there is a heartfelt interest in preserving it. The Desert Foothills Drive from Scottsdale is one of the most beautiful drives in the world, with tasteful markers identifying mesquite, gray thorn, cat claw from jumping cholla, and other signs asking us not to shoot at the giant saguaro cactus, which may be hundreds of years old and is slowly beginning to die out.

"I can't write more now, I must close and rush to the real estate office."

So, as they say in the ads, come on out. Or if you can't come, send your sinuses. They'll love it.

# DEAN OF THE FACELESS MEN

by HAROLD PETERSON

A new kind of settler may be transforming Arizona, but much of the West remains unchanged. On the rodeo circuit, cowboys such as Dean Oliver are still rugged, unpretentious and in no danger of being recognized

Only in the hard yellow light of day does the elemental man-against-beast loneliness of rodeo emerge. Up close, under any illumination, rodeo is splintery wood, creaking leather, dust, rasping rope, straining strength and the sweat of animals and men. But at a little remove, in the proscenium-stage back-lighting of a high-country late afternoon, the mind's eye can blink away the grandstands, the polite uproar of the crowd, the crowd itself. All that remains is the quick equestrian contest of old-cowboy roping dogs—with only the silent sage plains and distant blue mountains as witness.

Darkness confines and encloses a rodeo; it walls out the rolling rangelands. There is still romance, but it is of a more modern and cinematic kind. Behind the chutes at a night rodeo like Casper's Central Wyoming rodeo and ropin' the floodlights shine through belly-high clouds of dust kicked up by the stock, lighting them an opaque white and silhouetting against them the horses and their riders and the buffalo banner of Wyoming. The effect is Holly-wood posse.

Rodeo is a curious blend of the back-country-corral past and the citified big-time present. It is a sport that each year pays out \$3.5 million to its participants, and one that draws 10 million spectators a year, more than the National Football League. Yet it is also a sport whose promoters give its stars billing just below oil-slick hillbilly singers, clowns, daddy-daughter corgiel queens, dog acts,

second-rate television performers, third-rate movie stars and fourth-rate politicians. Any hummer, strummer, mummer or publicly paid plumber can get ranked ahead of any rider on a rodeo poster or program.

Rodeo is thus a great upholder of tradition. It has always been a cowboy's place to be nameless—and perhaps faceless, too. Who distinguishes one long-jawed, dark-haired, stubble-chinned subject of Remington or Russell from another? Then, too, by the very nature of his calling, a cowboy's face is forever being blurred, vibrated, contorted and ground into the dirt.

Be they as physically gifted, handsome and personable as Arnold Palmer on a day when stocks are up—and a remarkable percentage are—rodeo riders' status remains wholly incommensurate with their stature as athletes. Because they are an exceptionally amiable lot, this anonymity scarcely even strikes them as a disadvantage. Seldom does one of them think to complain about the insecurity of making a living in a sport that guarantees not one dime to participants and that, instead, levies stiff entrance fees.

Five-hundred-mile drives with station wagon and trailer to reach the next day's competition are routine with cowboys. Most of them compete in 50 to 60 rodeos a year. A man might like to have more than a couple of weeks off from the longest season of them all, but that's money lost. (Outdoors and in, north and south, rodeo runs year-round. A week of

hunting in Montana or two weeks at home in Boise with his family are the extent of a cowboy's off season.) That \$3.5 million a year in prize money remains a powerful incentive, and only the man who goes to a lot of rodeos can win his share—maybe as much as the \$33,000 to \$43,000 won by the all-around champion.

Still, after a few years of 500-mile drives to sample the dust of one small-town arena after another, rodeo looks like anything but easy wealth. All-day rides across the sunbaked, sun-bleached, sunblasted landscapes of the West succeed all-night rides over the vast empty plains—often without money to replace worn tires. Often scarcely enough money is left over from the rider's last winnings to pay the next entry fee. And at any moment during the competition a cowboy may sustain an injury that will cripple him and cut him off from his livelihood. So great are the hazards that only one insurance company in the country will cover rodeo cowboys. Despite the danger, cowboys act as if it were perfectly normal to approach a 650-pound Mexican steer, grab it by its horns and wrestle it to the ground. A cowboy's standard costume—wide-brimmed straw U-Roll-It, cheap but neat long-sleeved plaid shirt, and Wranglers rolled down to hide most of the boot—usually conceals several yards of tape.

Injuries are a part of the rodeo tradition. Bareback Rider Jim Shoulders once got such a yank on his arm from a buck-



ing brone that it snapped his collarbone. He completed the ride, got the day money, rode another brone to win the event overall and finally rode a Brahms bull to win *that* event. Then he laid off a week to let the fracture mend.

Since there are some 3,400 active rodeos, of which Stock Contractor Harry Knight estimates "there's not 45 guys in each event makin' a livin'," one wonders why more don't go back to punching a time clock instead of cattle. The answer lies in the character of most of the people associated with rodeos. There is bound to be strong mutual respect in a sport where each man goes into every competition so cely on his own and dead even with everyone else, whether a champion or rookie. In the democracy of rodeo, breaks stay equal, too. Expensive horses are regularly lent around. A top money winner haxes for a near-novice bulldogger who, with the benefit of that help, can get lucky and take the day money. A cowboy fighting for bread never refuses to share information with his closest competitor on a particular animal's quirks—where the rein should be taken on a brone, how a calf comes out of the chute. Other sports would call this sportsmanship; in rodeo it is simply the way things are done.

One of rodeo's foremost democrats—and certainly the exemplar extraordinary of the origins and character of its athletes—is Dean Oliver, 37, a three-time all-around world champion who just missed a fourth consecutive title in 1966. A big man with a deep-lined grin, Oliver remains the very archetype of the modern cowboy.

Observe him at the opening of any rodeo. Lights dim in the stands. A spotlight picks out the Stars and Stripes. Echoing discordantly, the first bars of the national anthem crash through the P.A. system. Oliver, hitherto oblivious to perhaps the 1,000th opening ceremony of his career, stops talking without apology or ado. He removes his hat unobtrusively, in the manner of a man who has decided to scratch his head. Throughout the anthem he peers intently at the husband, as if to check that the size has not gotten too small.

It has not. Oliver, seven times top calf roper, views the economic insecurities and promotional inequities of his sport with equanimity sufficient to exas-

perate a stone Buddha. A friend confides, "I told that committeeman, 'If you advertise Dean Oliver, world champion cowboy, you'll get just as big a crowd as advertising any movie star, and a lot cheaper.'" Oliver politely agrees, but without great conviction.

Instead, like most of the riders at the Central Wyoming Fair and Nite Rodeo (even the rodeo itself gets second billing), he enjoyed hearing country-and-western vocalizer Eddy Arnold sing *Cattle Call*. "Boy, that ol' boy can really sing," he said ungrudgingly. "It just comes out like you or I would talk."

Only when Arnold continued 45 minutes past his allotted 30 (as he did every night of the Casper rodeo) did admiration fade. "Thought he was pretty good when he started," someone growled, "but he ain't singing worth spit now."

"There's disadvantages to any line of work," Oliver responds to any discussion of rodeo's shortcomings. That imperturbability is about 95%; a Westerner's natural, amiable stoicism. For the rest, some \$30,000 a year in prize money comforts a man who says, "Rodeoin' was my only real chance to ever have anything."

continued



CRADLED IN HER FATHER'S ARMS, 3-YEAR-OLD NIKKI OLIVER IS TREATED TO A RIDE

"I never did like workin' for wages, anyhow," he reflects. "Before I rodeoed I worked on a dairy farm—\$175 a month, seven days a week, getting up about 4 in the morning, ending up at 7:30 at night."

Such recollections come easily to Oliver, even after winning better than \$300,000 roping calves and wrestling steers. Besides being athletic, humble, handsome, gentlemanly and too abstemious to smoke or drink so much as coffee, Oliver has entirely made his own way in the world.

The full story would abash Horatio Alger. Oliver was born in Dodge City, no less; lost his father in a light-plane crash at age 10; dropped out of school in the 10th grade to work as a regular ranch hand to help support his mother

and six other children; never saw a major rodeo until he was 19; and seven years later, in 1955, won his first world calf-roping championship, becoming the first Northerner ever to triumph in this event.

"Bucking, money, good calves to practice on, someone to work the chutes—he never had any of that," says his brother Dale. "When Daddy was killed it was pretty tough on all of us for a long time. We were destitute—on relief and all for food, clothing, the whole ball of wax."

Dean seldom speaks of those times. When he does, it is without embarrassment and with a kind of wistful humor. "I won a marbles championship in sixth grade," he suddenly said one day. "We was real poor, you know, and my shoe used to flap. The sole was loose. We

still have a picture of me trying to shoot with one hand and hold my shoe with the other so it wouldn't flap open."

When Oliver finally did attend that first rodeo the measly \$250 he saw a rider win looked like a lot of money to make in a few seconds. He went back to the dairy farm and started practicing holds on ornery milk cows "I practiced tying guys' calves, too," Dean remembers ruefully. "I went out at night and tied 'em in the dark. Just tied. If you roped 'em they'd ketch you."

"I did have one calf I bought for \$10, and I'd rope that on Sundays. Any of teneer and it would have gotten too tame. It wasn't till some time that I made enough money to buy 10 or 15 of my own."

Because he lacked the good horse



HAVING LASSEDED HIS CALF IN A ROPING CONTEST, OLIVER LEAPS DEFTLY FROM HIS HORSE, WHICH BRACES TO KEEP THE LINE TIGHT

needed for roping or bulldogging. Oliver started rodeo competition in bronc-riding. He could practice *thar* on the horse he did have, a mean old mare who habitually bit and kicked anyway. At 6 feet 3 and 200 pounds, however, Oliver was bigger than most bronc-busters (who run around 150 pounds) and made a terrible sound whenever he hit the ground, which was often. Wisely returning to timed events, he used the same horse for roping. "She wasn't much good," he says, "but by having to watch her all the time I sure learned a lot."

When he did venture out on the big circuit, times were hard. "I couldn't afford a spare tire for my trailer," Dean says. "If I got a flat I had to unhook it and go into the next town. And for two winters I had to go out and shoot deer to put meat on the table. We lived on that."

Oliver had acquired a family by that time. "I met Dean when he was working for my father on his sugar-beet farm," says Martha, a characteristically western woman with strong but pretty features, light-brown hair and eyes nearly the same shade of blue-gray as her husband's. "Beets were still plowed up with teams and topped by hand then. Dean was driving the team, and every time he came back with a load of beets we would talk." There is a strong suggestion that Oliver turned up a near-record number of sugar beets.

The Olivers have three daughters. The older girls, Sheryl, 14, and DeAnn, 10, were left at home in Boise during the Casper rodeo, but the youngest, Nikki, 3, was very much present to entertain clowns, enrich concessionaires and terrorize playmates. Shortly before the opening ceremonies, in fact, Dean had watched with mingled amusement and disapproval as Nikki squared off with a 5-year-old boy who had incurred her anger. And why, his wife wanted to know, had he not firmly removed his daughter? "I didn't want nobody to know it was mine," Dean said. "She's kinda spoiled, I guess." "Kinda?" Martha mocked. "And why do you suppose that is?"

It was time to get ready for the rodeo. Rolling up a pants leg, Oliver set to work taping his right knee. "I hurt it once," he explained. "This is just a Band-Aid

I wrap it with." Then he removed his lariats from their airtight container, kneaded them slightly and spun a few experimental loops above his head. He watched closely to see that they twisted off flat and steady when he rolled his wrist. "The container—I used to use five-gallon hard cans—keeps ropes from getting too damp or too raggy," Dean explained. "I use ropes pretty soft myself, and if they get too stiff I put 'em in the car motor to warm up a little." Oliver carefully looped one lariat onto the saddle horn and another onto the side, soberly thanked Nikki for soberly bringing him bit and bridle and buckled spurs on his own heels and skid boots on his horse's fetlocks.

His horse, named Nancy, is the third used by Oliver since a stifle injury to Mickey, the sorrel gelding on which he won some \$150,000 in seven years. "Mickey was the biggest thing in my winnin' a lot," Oliver says. "He had a lot of try in him, just wouldn't let you up. Nancy's a good horse—maybe a little too gentle—but Mickey worked a little better rope, pulled a little more. A horse has got to pull just enough to keep the calf's head down while you tie its feet."

None of that soppy boy-and-his-horse operetta for Oliver. He upholds the real, traditional cowboy attitude toward a horse, which is respect—a craftsman's respect for his tools, a decent respect for a creature that has to eat and work for a living just as he does.

"You can put a good man on an average horse and he won't win but a little," Dean maintains. "And good horses are scarce. You could look at a hundred and not find more than two or three you like. Of course, that's partly because every man looks for something different. For me, a horse that sets up too quick would be bad. I want it to stop exactly when I'm picking the rope forward, and not before."

The night's roping had begun, and the starting judge came forward to warn Oliver that he was now second in line. Dean reprimed his contest number more loosely to the back of his shirt, so that he would not be hampered by even that much restriction to free movement. Moments later, piggia string in his teeth, he sat tautly in the ropers' gangway, so far back in the enclosure that the haunches

of his horse pressed hard against the rear fence. The horse waited even more tensely, muscles bunched and twitching, for the calf to trip its self-opening chute door. Fifteen cowboys, perched along the arena fence like so many crows on a rail, leaned forward expectantly.

With a shove and a lunge the calf broke free, veering left. Ten feet out it crossed the deadline, whereupon the cord attached to its neck tripped open the gate of Oliver's gangway. Two enormous bounds, and Oliver's horse had overtaken the critter. The calf, a smart one, suddenly stopped short, kicked at the horse and then ran up alongside the left fence. Oliver lassooed it cleanly anyway, jerking it off its feet in one fast flip.

As his horse skidded to a halt, Oliver swung wide and gracefully one-handed off his saddle horn. Following down the rope, he picked up the 280-pound calf and flipped it in midair, legs up and ready to tie with the piggia string. Halfway through the tying, however, the animal managed to lift its head, squirm and kick loose. After a foot race and a wrestle, Oliver got a hold on three legs again and wrapped the calf as fast and neat as a chuck roast in a meat market. But his time was 18.5 seconds, too much.

"Boy, I got a good fall on that calf," Oliver said later. "It didn't line out, it turned back and it got right up against the fence, so I don't know how I roped it, and I still could have had a 16. But you gotta take the shakes as they come. Some folks start slumps and let it eat on 'em. Pretty soon they ain't no more threat than anybody you ain't never saw."

This cheeriness in adversity had a thorough test in succeeding days. After riding past his steer in the bulldogging, and putting himself out of the running in that event, Dean lost his calf in the second roping go-round when Nancy didn't get back on the end of the rope quick enough, thus leaving the calf struggle to its feet. His combined time of 33.9 seconds was good enough for fourth-place roping money, but it was bad by Oliver standards. Yet he was not disappointed. Never surprised to win, Oliver is also never surprised to lose. Besides, there was another rodeo in Monte Vista, Co. o., 750 miles away, beginning the next day. For a cowboy, there is always another rodeo.

END

## PEOPLE

Astronaut **Gordon Cooper** went 33 million miles in Gemini 5 without a pet stop, but in the 250-mile Orange Bowl Regatta in Miami's Marine Stadium he had to bench his boat three times for adjustments before finishing 11th of 17. Nonetheless, Cooper insists, "Space flight and boat racing have a lot in common. It feels like the same kind of excitement, and I expect you get just as high a pulse in a boat as you do in a space capsule." NASA engineers intend to equip Cooper's boat in future races with instruments to measure the G-forces involved. The recordings will then be compared with the records Cooper made in space.

Things have changed a lot in the 22 years since **Elizabeth Taylor** (below) rode Pi to victory in *National Velvet* and, when off camera, slept with the horse in his stable. Pi is still owned by Elizabeth and is now a pensioner on a California ranch. But in her latest movie, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, Elizabeth is on horseback again. Her white Arabian (a part played by two identical Lipizzan stallions) is, according to a Warner Bros. studio release, "a catalyst in the tortured relations between Leonora [Elizabeth Taylor], her husband [Marlon Brando] and the groom [Robert Forster]."

Liz had not ridden for 15 years, but she did most of the riding scenes in *Reflections* without a double. "She's a pretty good rider," said one of the producer's staff, "much better than Marlon Brando, who has been in westerns." Director John Huston agreed. "She has a good seat," he said.

Looking ahead to the 1968 elections, Republican Party leaders in Cincinnati have already chosen **Waite Hoyt**, the former Yankee pitcher who did the Reds' radio broadcasts for 24 years before retiring two seasons ago, as one of their candidates for the city council. "He has a good image," says the local GOP chairman, "and practically everybody knows him because of the tremendous amount of publicity he's received over the years." Hoyt told reporters, "It's sort of a departure from what I have been doing. I never attempted anything like this before, and I don't know any of the stereotyped answers." Asked what programs he would support for improving city conditions, the city council candidate said, "I've always been for about everything."

Meanwhile, another old sports broadcaster was starting his political career in Sacramento. There, on the steps of the state capitol, the onetime commentator for Big Ten football games, **Reynold Rauspin**, read his inaugural address. The prayer at the ceremonies was offered by the Rev. **Don Moorman**, the pastor of the Hollywood-Bel Air Presbyterian Church and a former All-American lineman at UCLA.

His performance could hardly have rivaled Trigger's but the other day a 3-year-old colt named Beau Alibi made Owner **Roy Rogers** "speechless" with delight. After 11 unsuccessful attempts, the colt won a maiden race at Santa Anita and gave Rogers, who has had a stable of Thoroughbreds for four years, his first U.S. victory. Afterward

Jockey **Willie Shoemaker**, resplendent in green-and-gold racing silks decorated with a likeness of Trigger, posed in the winner's circle with Rogers and his horse. Beau Alibi's time for the six furlongs was 1:11 1/5, which suggests he is hardly likely to take a place beside Trigger in Roy Rogers' heart—or in his museum, where the old polo-mano stands, stuffed.

For three years Memphis has been looking for something suitable to name after favorite son **Elvis Presley**. At various times there have been suggestions favoring the part of Highway 51 that runs by Presley's plantation, a leg of a Memphis expressway, a housing project, a downtown mall, a youth auditorium and a still-to-be-built fountain, but all struck a false note. Last week Memphis Mayor **William Ingram** took the matter in his own hands by declaring that the \$4.7 million Mid-South Coliseum, built in 1964, was henceforth to be known as the **Elvis Presley Coliseum**. The city and county commissioners were aghast. They said the name was not valid without their approval and accused the mayor of playing politics by trying to drum up votes from Presley fans. Meanwhile Elvis was "in seclusion" at his mansion. A friend

said Presley was "damned embarrassed—and not a little burned. He wishes they would name something for him or forget it. Right now he's in favor of the latter." At week's end, the city commissioners declared they would not name so much as a fire truck for Elvis. The fire trucks, it turns out, are named for the commissioners.

"**Harb Bauer** is one of those issues who uses his wife's hair spray," the voice on TV said, and there before 20 million viewers the crew-cut manager of the Baltimore Orioles demonstrated (below) how he uses a hair spray "that holds gently but firmly, a spray that leaves your hair feeling like hair." **Yogi Berra** and **Joe Pepitone** also signed up to be spies. Asked last week about his new hair-raising image, old pro Yogi said, "My wife and I both use hair spray. Some sprays make your hair sticky and stiff, but this kind really keeps it soft." Nor was Pepitone abashed. "Everybody uses hair spray," said Peppy, "so why not come out and admit it?" Bauer, however, bristled at the mention of the commercial: "The price was right. I washed the stuff out of my hair just as quick as I could. Haven't you people got anything better to write about?"



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## A Detroit New Year's wish: one for the road

The baffling Red Wings somehow cannot win out of town, but are terrors at home. This adds up only to fifth place in the NHL standings, but after a four-game winning binge the Wings are envisioning better days

These have been trying months for sports fans in Detroit. The Pistons bombed, the Tigers sagged, the Lions fired their coach and last week, as the Red Wings of the National Hockey League faced powerful Chicago, Coach Sid Abel seemed to be losing his mind. Standing on the red carpet of the Wings' dressing room in Olympia Stadium, Abel told his players that they "must" defeat the Black Hawks. It was like telling Zoltan Ferenczy to go out and clobber Governor Romney. The man who made that challenge had witnessed, during the season, some epic Detroit futility: for the first time in the club's 41-year history the Red Wings had reached midseason without winning a game on the road.

They still hadn't by last weekend, but they did impudently come from behind to take the Chicago victory that Abel had ordered. Added to two previous victories in the week on home ice, that made a three-game streak and assured the worst road team the league's best

home record. Fans who recalled the dominant Red Wings of 1948 to 1957 found the team's split personality more confusing than amusing, but for the gremlin-haunted, fifth-place Wings themselves the streak was glorious. "At last maybe we're hot," said Abel. "I just hope it's not too late."

Too late to move up to fourth and thus into the Stanley Cup playoffs, that is. The goal is still distant, but only a month ago it seemed impossible of achievement. One morning, for example, Abel was so angry that he had his players out on the ice of Chicago Stadium at 8 o'clock, skating when they should have been sleeping. Beaten the night before by the Black Hawks, Detroit found itself occupying the place in the standings the NHL usually reserves for New York or Boston—last. Abel's disposition grew worse a few hours later. At the Chicago airport, the Red Wings were informed that fog had grounded their return flight to Detroit. Silently Abel

herded his players aboard a chartered bus that was to take them home, 250 miles across the state of Michigan. Before it departed he stepped into the narrow aisle. "Look," he said at last, "I know there are some guys on this team who don't like me, and after four hours of riding in this weather somebody is going to feel like taking a punch. Well, all I want to say is this: You want a rumble, let's have it now before we get started."

"Yeah," shouted someone from the back, and everyone broke out in spontaneous, unrestrained laughter. Strategically, tactically, psychologically, Sid Abel was striving to get his Red Wings flying right. Now, in mid-January, Abel is a little happier but not much closer to a winning formula.

"I've tried everything," he says, "but I've never gone through a season quite like this before."

Few teams have. Like every other club, the Red Wings expect their share of bruises, sprains, stitches and even a few broken bones. But until Paul Henderson, the crew-cut left wing who was leading the team in scoring, started coughing violently every time he stepped on the ice, nobody around Olympia Stadium anticipated the exotic ailment tracheitis. "I coughed all the time," said Henderson. "I even wore a surgical mask in games to warm the air I was breathing." Finally the Red Wings shipped him to Arizona so that the hot desert sun would bake the inflammation from his windpipe.

After a week it did. And Detroit was awaiting Henderson's return when Bert Marshall, a 205-pound defenseman, charged into the corner with docile Pat Martin of Boston, whom he outweighs by 40 pounds. Marshall came away with another new one for the Red Wings—a



BADGERED BY A DEFENSEMAN, DETROIT'S DEAN PRENTICE SHOTS ON HAWK GOAL

collapsed lung. "It doesn't hurt," said Marshall. "I just can't breathe, that's all."

For a year Abel had been worrying about his lack of big-league defensesmen, and he was constantly on the telephone to Baz Bastien, coach of the Red Wings' Pittsburgh farm team, bringing up and sending down defenders in an effort to slow the barrage of shots on Goalie Roger Crozier. Suddenly Crozier couldn't even stop the easy ones and tumbled into the worst slump of his brief career. "It got to be so bad that there were nights when I was just petrified, terrified to go out there," Crozier remembers.

Finally Abel was forced to bench Crozier. And through it all the Detroit forwards were not scoring. Six players had scored 20 or more goals for the Red Wings during the 1965-66 season, but when Henderson came back from Arizona, having missed nearly half of Detroit's games, he was still the team's leading scorer with nine goals. Andy Bathgate, who had been the league's most valuable player for 1958-59, slid all the way out of the NHL and down to Pittsburgh.

Back on big-league ice last week, as Detroit defeated Boston, Montreal and then league-leading Chicago, in turn, at Olympia, Bathgate looked like the sweet-skating, magical stickhandler that he can be. As mysteriously as Crozier had lost his touch in goal, he regained it. Then there was Howe Young, once a pugacious alcoholic, but now dried out, 30 pounds slimmer and a defenseman who gave the Wings urgently needed muscle and puck-clearing savvy. It was Young who inspired the Wings to victory over Montreal. Against Chicago, mighty Gordie Howe and wily Dean Prentice proved to be the difference. Howe scored the 699th and 700th goals of his 21-year career, while Prentice got his 249th and 250th goals.

"We're going on the road hot," crowed Abel. "Let's stay that way." Alas, the Wings lost their 16th road game two nights later to the Canadiens 4-3, blowing a two-goal lead personally achieved by Howe.

But back home again last Sunday night, Andy Bathgate started the scoring as the Wings made it four victories in five games with a 3-1 win over the Toronto Maple Leafs. Maybe it wasn't too late after all—if only they could win one on the road.

END

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BRIDGE/Charles Goren

## Chance to show up the experts

Have you ever wondered whether all those hands you see played so brilliantly in the bridge columns were actually played that way at the table? To tell you the truth, so have I. But good bridge hands are not always easy to come by, so I accept what I am told and do not press my correspondents as to whether or not they actually played the cards with such deftness.

It is, therefore, with a little extra pleasure that I tell about a contract that was *not* made by my friend Dick Frey recently while playing with Omar Sharif. Frey discovered too late and to his considerable chagrin that there was a play which could have saved the hand. I have since presented the problem of the North-South hands to half a dozen of the country's top players and they did not make the contract either, in spite of the fact that when you ask an expert about a hand he knows there is a difficulty with it and is on guard. So here is your chance to beat the experts. Cover the East-West cards and decide how you would play as South in five clubs after a trump lead.

Both scales  
valuable  
South dealer

**NORTH**  
♠ A J 10 7 6  
♥ K 10 9 1  
♦ —  
♣ Q 10 5 4

**WEST**  
♠ K 9 8 3  
♥ Q J 5  
♦ A 8 3  
♣ J 9 2

**EAST**  
♠ Q 5 4  
♥ 8 6 2  
♦ A K J 9 7  
♣ 7 3

**SOUTH**  
♠ 2  
♥ A 7 3  
♦ Q 10 6 5 2  
♣ A K 8 6

SOUTH (Declarer)	WEST	NORTH (Partner)	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	5 ♠	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 2 of clubs

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# Meet the most useful power tool ever invented!

Four hearts might have succeeded, but the five-club contract was a good one that would have been simple enough had West not hit upon the trump opening. This cut the total of obvious tricks to 10 and forced Frey to seek some other way to build an 11th. He won the first trick with the 8 of clubs over East's 7 and began to establish the spade suit by taking a first-round finesse of the 10. This wins against both honors or one honor only twice guarded in West's hand, and the other experts all selected the same play. But this was not the crucial point.

East won the trick with the queen of spades. He could have ended declarer's chances by returning the king of diamonds and forcing dummy to ruff prematurely, but he made the normal play of continuing trumps, leading the 3 to West's 9 and dummy's 10. From here on, can you make the contract?

Frey cashed dummy's spade ace, discarding a low heart. Then he ruffed a spade, cashed the ace of hearts and led to dummy's heart king. A fourth spade was ruffed with declarer's last trump, while East discarded the 7 of diamonds. The fifth spade was now established, but declarer had to get to dummy by ruffing a diamond. North still had a high trump with which to pull West's jack and the good spade could now be cashed, but when a heart was led West won and gave his partner the last, and setting, trick by leading a diamond to the ace.

South's mistake was the discard of that "losing" heart on the ace of spades, a play which might have been worth an extra trick if the king of spades dropped in three leads, but, as the cards lay, cost the contract. If South discards a diamond instead of a heart he is home. When he ruffs the fourth spade, instead of crossing to dummy by ruffing a diamond, South leads his third heart and lets West take his winner in that suit. This sets up dummy's last heart while there is still one trump to use for ruffing a diamond and another to pull West's last trump.

Did you figure it out? I must confess, neither did I.

END



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## Army



## Hit short when preparing to play long

*Deliberately hitting a short tee shot (dotted line) instead of using a driver (solid line) will help get your game ready for a long course*

FRANCIS GOLDEN



Getting yourself ready to play a golf course that is considerably longer or shorter than your usual one presents certain problems in shot adjustment. For instance, if you normally use a driver and short irons on your own 6,400-yard course, you cannot expect to hit drivers and long irons on a 6,900-yard course and score well. Quite often when I am preparing to play a tournament at an extremely long course, I will go out with an 8-to-10 handicapper at home in Columbus and hit his second shots, which means that I am forced to play a lot of long irons, many of them from difficult angles into the green. (One time at Scioto, in Columbus, I played the tee shots

of a friend who got his drives into the fairway only three times. This wasn't much practice for me, but I shot one of the best 79s of my life.) If you are getting ready for a course much longer than your own, you too should adjust your game. Instead of hitting a drive and wedge on the 340-yard hole, hit a five-iron off the tee and then another long iron to the green. The primary reason for this is not to give you practice swinging a long iron. You can get that on a practice tee. The purpose is to become accustomed to hitting into the green from a considerable distance so that the long course you are headed for does not mentally defeat you before you start.

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# THREE NAMES



# AND A BARREL OF MONEY



SHOOTING BY LARRY

*Jack Kent Cooke of Los Angeles wants to own a team for every season and a modern arena where he can go and watch them play*

BY BOB OTTUM

**I**t was night in Los Angeles, and you know how weird that can be. The kids were rioting on Sunset Strip, as ever, and over at the Beverly Hilton Hotel the older crowd had assembled for the Bonanza Ball. The ball was for charity, which meant black tie, and it had a cowboy theme, which meant there was a stuffed horse standing near the bar. Ah, Hollywood.

Then, smiling into the spotlight, came Lorne Greene, television's biggest western star, the Ben Cartwright of *Bonanza*. He was wearing a tuxedo with tiny silver buckles latched over all the pockets, and, with his white hair and all, he shimmered. He began telling the warm-up joke he had rehearsed in the car coming over from Bel Air. Lorne Greene's joke:

"Boy, am I glad to be here tonight. I had this terrible nightmare last night. Dreamed I was in an airliner flying along at 35,000 feet. We got into trouble, and I had to bail out. My parachute wouldn't open, and when I looked down, there on the ground waiting to catch me was—Willie Davis."

The ballroom exploded into laughter, with an undercurrent of murmuring, as husbands leaned over and explained to their wives, "Willie Davis plays center field for the Dodgers. They were in the World Series, see, and Willie dropped . . ." Then the wives all laughed.

Next the Dan Blocker Singers came on and did four fast numbers, clapping hands and stamping feet, and the place began to swing. Following them came a 24-year-old singer named Wayne Newton who also uses an alias, Mr. Excitement. He was listed on Greene's cue sheet to do 20 minutes, but 45 minutes later he was singing, *You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You* and had reduced the audience to emotional catnaps. When Mr. Excitement finished Greene took the micro-

*continued*

phone again, squinted through the spotlight at one of the ringside tables and said, "What do you think of *that*, Jack? How'd you like *him*, Jack?"

And Jack Kent Cooke boomed out, "Great, Lorne. Magnificent!"

Then Danny Thomas came on to do his routine, and—Wait a minute. Stop the show.

Jack Kent... who?

Jack Kent Cooke. Not an entertainer. Not a producer or director. Jack Kent Cooke, one of California's most controversial millionaires; silver-haired and suave, the guy who buys sports franchises, who owns Jerry West, Gail Goodrich and Elgin Baylor, and who is soon to be responsible for so much more sport—ice hockey in winter and soccer in summer—that folks may run screaming from their TV sets. He is colossal, the Sol Hurok of sport. That's who.

Los Angeles is on a Jack Kent Cooke kick. Name in all the papers. A household word. Feared. Loved. The town sees him on a mental split screen. He is, depending on whom you talk to, a charlatan, villain, pirate or highwayman, a fearless plunger, financial swinger, or Horatio Alger—smooth but honest. Just words. Even if he is none of those things, he certainly is not dull, which in Los Angeles is unforgivable.

To understand this, why many people in Los Angeles are suspicious of Cooke, you must first understand one thing about the city itself. Los Angeles looks big from the air, but it is really just a cluster of small towns connected by cars parked bumper to bumper, and it is full of small-town worries. There are more than 75 communities in Los Angeles County besides L.A. proper, and the people in most of them generally look chic and talk hip: "Hello, sweetheart. Hiya, baby. Sure, lover." And you ought to hear the way they talk to *girls*.

Still, let just one stranger come to town wearing a \$350 side-vent glen-plaid suit and a pair of bench-made shoes and Los Angeles is likely to yell, "City slicker, you guys," and watch his every move. It watches Cooke all the time.

Worse than that, Los Angeles is always wary of a man who uses three names. First initials with names are bad enough. (Several years ago at a lavish Hollywood premiere, an announcer introduced a famous movie producer by saying, "And now, Y. Frank Freeman." And one Los Angeleno turned to another and muttered, "Sounds like a good question.")

Then, in 1960, along came Jack Kent Cooke, using *all three names*, mind you, and he had that kind of big smile that made it look like his mouth had been lighted by an interior decorator. And the first thing he did was to plauge: He plunked down \$20 million for a television-cable outfit that sells clear pictures. Then he paid \$5,175,000 to buy a basketball team, more money than anybody had ever paid for five spindly men. No matter. Cooke pointed out that he had never seen a professional basketball game anyway and considered it a real bargain.

The third thing he did was to obtain the conditional franchise for a new National Hockey League team; fourth item was to shell out \$500,000 for a soccer team, and before anybody knew it he was halfway to his goal: to own enough teams playing enough sports so that one of them is always in season—somewhere—so that every day or night he can watch. Now is that too much to ask? Not in Los Angeles, it isn't.

Jack Kent Cooke is a number of things. In quick order:

- A self-made man at 54, a millionaire and more, possibly a lot more.
- Owner of the Los Angeles Lakers of the National Basketball Association. They are not winning games this year, but he makes the payroll every week.
- New franchise owner in the NHL, whose new hockey team will be the Los Angeles Kings.
- An organizer of and team-owner in the new North American Soccer League. This is not to be confused with the equally new National Professional Soccer League. Cooke's team will be called the Zorros. Top *that*, you Europeans.
- The owner-builder of a new \$14 million sports palace to be called The Forum.
- Owner of a publishing company that currently is lying doggo, waiting to pick up the right property for the right price. Like, say, the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*. Do not say they won't sell. Everybody sells, sometime.
- Twenty-five-percent owner of the Washington Redskins of the National Football League, with an option—which he will exercise—to buy up control of the team when it becomes available.
- One of the few Canadian emigrants in U.S. history to be granted instant citizenship by an act of Congress.
- An art collector, homebody, admirer of fast cars, judge of good sherry, songwriter, connoisseur of antiques, master of the English language (he can use the word *boggle* in a sentence) and the kind of guy who would have called for four consecutive passes against Michigan State.
- Cooke is naïve: he wears tailor-made suits, fragile blue shirts with fadeaway collars and fat knit ties. He is 5 feet 9 or so, and moves across the landscape in flashes. It is because of the urge.

"The combative urge is within all of us," Cooke says, speaking in quick, combative bursts. "For the man whose horse wins the Kentucky Derby, it is his horse. In football or basketball it is my team.

"This is a basic instinct. But God knows, it comes to us in varying degrees. It is a refusal to succumb. Perhaps the source of it is pride. But it moves most men. My combative urge is strong. And remember, it is always open season on successful men."

About that open season. Cooke has not made one move in California that has not been chronicled. One set of special enemies keeps a file on him complete with categories, such as "weaknesses." Cooke knows of this and keeps the same file. He sees them as strengths.

Still, perhaps the only file in town that really counts is the one at the Security First National Bank, and it is confidential. "But we can say," the bank admits, "that a recent file indicates his net worth in eight figures."

Anybody with eight figures' worth of money has to be suspect. Cooke's enemies will hunt darkly at misdeeds. What misdeeds? Never mind. We know...

Well, consider this suspicious episode: Cooke's greatest danger now is not the fact that he may make or lose a great deal of money, but that he is inexorably, stealthily getting chunky. He has put himself on a strict diet, self-enforced, where he will not eat anything containing flour. Especially breads, cakes and pastries.

Now, then, the Washington Redskins were playing Oct. 16 against the Giants in New York and, unable to pick up the game on radio in California, Cooke sat fretting at home in Bel Air. He was waiting for the telephone call from Edward Bennett Williams, who is 1) a noted attorney, 2) a close personal friend and 3) club president and owner of 5% of the team. The two men have a pact: after every game Williams will call Cooke and deliver a postmortem. But this was early in the season, remember.

The Redskins lost 13-10. And Williams, like any self-respecting, distraught club president, stomped unwaveringly out of the stadium, out somewhere, and got soothingly, comfortably, steadfastly potted. No phone call. Back in Los Angeles, Cooke waited, pacing. "No call. That can only mean we've lost the damned game," he growled. Finally, in despair, he wheeled away from the house in his \$28,500 beige Bentley convertible, down through the ornate electric gates and to the Bel Air Country Club. He stomped in, fixed the waiter with an icy stare and snarled, "Bring me a piece of that white cake. And put two scoops of ice cream on it." That's the sort of inhuman figure his enemies are dealing with.

Not that Cooke does not have his own biting moments. Two days after the Redskin disaster he was off to New York City. There he was, zinging along on TWA Flight 100 about 30,000 feet over the Midwest, when he summoned the stewardess and pointed imperiously at his tray.

"Take these lamb chops back and cook them some more," he said. "I asked for them well-done."

The stewardess, her smile locked into position, hovered uncertainly over him for a moment, then bent down and looked out the window at the jet engines, as if perhaps she might set the plate out there to cook a little more. And then, when he got the chops back—they may have been hotter, but certainly no more well-done—he pushed them around tentatively with his fork and finally set the tray aside.

But it got worse. That night in New York the Lakers played the Knickerbockers at Madison Square Garden. Jerry West, injured, had not made the trip, and Cooke sat there in the executive seats fretting, while the team lost 122-119. It looked for a horrible moment as if Cooke was going to send back the Lakers for more cooking, be-

cause they obviously weren't done at that point, either.

The game over, Cooke left the Garden, hunched in his raincoat against a chill rain, and headed toward Toots Shor, where he spends his free time in New York City. He was accompanied by Bill Shea of the Shea Stadium Sheas, and, when the party walked in, it was ushered to table 101—to the right of the archway—one of the two top prestige tables for celebrities. Bob Considine was at the other.

For revenge against the events of the day, Cooke ordered a large bowl of Shor's homemade rice pudding. Shor humped over, leaning on his shiny black cane. "Ya bum, ya," he growled affectionately at Cooke. "Yer lucky we even let you into this town, ya creep. Lost the game, dincha?" Cooke nodded. Shor kept it up: "I made a bundle on the Knicks against yer huns. Ya got any more clubs we can bet against?" Cooke smiled, with that fluorescent burst of teeth, and ordered another bowl of pudding.

The thing is, of course, Cooke does have other teams—he will soon have more—and they will either cost him or make him a great deal of money. A lot depends on two things: whether the American public will take hockey to its heart and, having done that, will also find room for big-time soccer. How did Cooke get into this terrible/wonderful mess? It wasn't easy.

Almost 40 years ago he was tooting a clarinet and saxophone with his own band around Toronto—Oley Kent and

*continued*



Keeping in touch with his loved hands, Cooke visits the Laker dressing room to kid around with Walt Hazzard (left) and Jerry West.

his Orchestra—and occasionally he would croon, a la Rudy Vallee, through a megaphone. In the role of Oley Kent, Cooke was a dapper young man in wide lapels and a belt in the back. But poor. Then he took to selling encyclopedias from Canadian door to door—not good encyclopedias, but what do you expect for \$39.50 a set? Still, he had vowed to become a rich man—and he wasn't even close. He began to sell soap for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet in 1936, and he says now, looking back on it, "I sold more soap than anybody in the history of the company." This may be the hidden key, for in a way Cooke has been selling soap ever since.

In November 1936, Cooke wangled a letter of introduction to Roy Thomson, publisher and broadcaster, now Lord Thomson of Fleet Street. Thomson looked into those teeth and was impressed. No newspaper jobs available, he said, but would Cooke like to manage a radio station, CICS, in Stratford, Ontario? Cooke would, indeed.

"The sales manager at Colgate really bawled hell out of me when I told him I was quitting," Cooke says. "He told me I was crazy to walk out on a job like that. He wanted to know how much money I was going to make. And you know what? I couldn't tell him. That was one question I had forgotten to ask Thomson." It turned out to be \$25 a week, but don't laugh out there in Hollywood. In six years he was a millionaire.

Cooke and Thomson cut a swath through the Canadian communications world that is still unparalleled. First they put CICS in the black, then sold it. They bought more sick stations, healed them with shots of disc jockeys and lively programming and sold them. Cooke got the idea fast enough. Most of the properties sold for five times their original price, and he began putting his own money into them. (On one of the stations, same growly voice, was Lorne Greene.) When Cooke and Thomson formally dissolved their partnership in 1952, Cooke was Canada's big executive: 20 magazines, radio properties and the country's largest plastics outfit. He was worth, by conservative estimate, about \$8 million.

But can a poor Toronto boy find happiness merely as a wealthy and respected publisher? No. So in 1951 he bought the Toronto Maple Leafs' baseball team when it was down and out. By 1952 he had the attendance up to a record 466,040 and Cooke was named Minor League Executive of the Year. No pretty head will stay untorn by such attention. The Leafs won four pennants in seven seasons, and Cooke had sold himself down the river to a life in sports.

Pockets full of money, he began casting around in the sporting world. In 1955 he tried to buy the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League. They wanted too much money. That same year he bid \$5.5 million for the Detroit Tigers. They sold for \$5.8 million. In 1958 Cooke, Branch Rickey and friends tried to form the Continental Baseball League. They were shut out, but stirred up the alarm that led to major league expansion. Then in 1960 Cooke offered \$4.5 million for the Washington Redskins.

Shut out again. (Cooke already owned 25% of the club, which he bought from Harry Wismer for \$350,000 cash. It was a good buy. The portion is now worth an estimated \$4 million.)

But Americans were getting the idea. Cooke was ready to come and bring money. In 1960 he became a U.S. citizen through an unusual bill which sailed through Congress—skipping the usual five-year residency rule. (His sponsor, Representative Francis Walter of Pennsylvania, told a House Judiciary subcommittee, "In Canada, Cooke's energetic and aggressive espousal of the United States and its people is a matter of public record, and some minor criticism.") Settling down—as much as you can ever call him settled—in Los Angeles, Cooke then acquired his U.S. possessions: the Lakers, Kings and Zorros.

Now, at 54, sitting behind a 170-year-old antique English desk in a chain of offices in the Beverly Hilton, barking orders to a covey of secretaries on the intercom and wheeling teams and franchises (occasionally leaning back and plunking those \$75 shoes on the desk), Cooke knows he did the right thing.

"My major business was to have been publishing," he says. "But something was lacking. It was sports. I had played hockey well as a boy. And baseball not so well. As a man, I felt a surge of creation in owning a baseball team. Perhaps it is an emanation of self. In any case, it is a very strong feeling. These are my family. They *must* succeed."

But in Los Angeles, Cooke's surge of creation ran into trouble in the form of the Los Angeles Coliseum Commission, a nine-man board in charge of the 93,000-seat Memorial Coliseum and the adjoining 15,000-seat Arena. Over the years the commission has made some dazzling decisions. Bill Veck ran into one of them when he wanted to take his dying St. Louis Browns to Los Angeles in 1954. Walter O'Malley encountered others when he did take his Dodgers out there four years later. And now Cooke knows, too.

Cooke came on stage in 1960, a new boy in town. The commission took one look at him, shivered and made him a bad guy. Cooke, with his \$5.2 million Lakers, also was a candidate for the National Hockey League franchise. The league was to expand, and Los Angeles was in on it. The other chief contender was Dan Reeves, whose Los Angeles Rams already played in the Coliseum. Reeves, who along with Cooke and several others figured that big-time hockey would be successful in Los Angeles, had bought into Canada's Saskatoon team, changed its name to the Blades and had brought it to town via the Western league. It was a stunning flop. The Blades ended up at the bottom of the league, and Californians did not exactly storm the gates to see them.

The critical factor in the competition for a Los Angeles NHL franchise was a playing arena. Without a guarantee of that, NHL President Clarence Campbell would not grant a new franchise. So when the commission, ignoring the fact that it is a public body, announced its support of



Reeves in September of 1965, Cooke was shut out of the Arena, the only hockey rink in town.

"Unfair partiality," Cooke pointed out. Still no lease. For his Lakers, he asked a 10-year lease such as Reeves and his Rams had for the Coliseum. Instead he got a counter-offer of three. Cooke got angry.

Betting in Los Angeles financial circles was that Reeves was a shoo-in for the franchise. But in November Cooke warned the commission that, unable to gain any promise of a long-term hockey lease, he had submitted his NHL application on the basis that he would build his own arena. On Feb. 8 of last year Cooke flew to New York and repeated his offer to the NHL expansion committee. He must have sold a lot of soap in that meeting, because the next day he was awarded the franchise.

Quickly attitudes changed. Cooke, ready to build his own sports center, said he would now accept that two-year arena lease. That was all he would need. This time the commission urged him to take 10-year leases for both teams.

Meanwhile L.A. Mayor Sam Yorty, who played a bit part in all this—the guy who does not get the girl—tried to find some federal land for Cooke's new Forum, in order to keep the teams and their rich revenues in Los Angeles proper. But the plan fell through. The commission, still figuring Cooke was bluffing about building a forum, announced it was giving the Blades a three-year lease. If Cooke defaulted the franchise by not producing a new arena, they figured, the Blades would be back in again. But Cooke took his franchises and moved out of town—to a vacant lot in nearby Inglewood. And there was Mayor Yorty, wielding another ceremonial shovel, breaking ground for another outfit that was taking money away.

"I did try hard to keep them here," said Yorty, "and I believe I could have succeeded if it hadn't been for the rather impetuous, shortsighted, if not spiteful, attitude of some members of the Coliseum Commission."

One of the commissioners, Mel Pierson, quit the board in disgust. Losing Cooke, he said, did it. "The commission keeps telling people Los Angeles is the sports capital of the world," he said, "but we have lost at least four major franchises in the last five years. The Chargers went to San Diego, the Angels to Anaheim and now the Lakers and Kings are gone."

The Forum—on 29.5 acres hard by Hollywood Park—has everything. It sits smack in the center of four major freeways, a situation that Cooke makes much of. Still, all of Los Angeles sits smack in the center of freeways. But The Forum site will park 4,000 cars and the building will seat 16,602 for basketball, 15,048 for hockey and 17,526 for boxing, all on four escalator-served levels.

One battle won, Cooke jumped into the next. Consider the great soccer caper. Soccer, as everyone knows, is a fast game played by bare-legged men kicking at a ball and each other. It is very big everywhere in the world—except in the U.S. And after the rather startling success of

the recent World Cup match, which was bounced into this country by TV satellite, a hard core of promoters kept coming back to the idea that in time it could become America's sports sweetheart.

Cooke was one. Besides, he had a couple of open days left in the week, remember? Arthur Allyn, who owns the Chicago White Sox, was another, plus such notables as George Ficharty, who owns the Ice Follies; William Clay Ford, who owns the NFL Detroit Lions; and Texans Lamar Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs and Judge Roy Hofheinz, who owns the Houston Astros and the dome they play under.

"Actually," said Cooke, "there is less need to educate people in soccer than there is in hockey. It is the coming sport. It is on the verge . . ."

This is the verge: starting this April, Americans are going to get soccer with a vengeance. Cooke and associates formed the North American Soccer League and got sanction from the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, the sport's world-governing body, thereby becoming the In league. The Out league—the National Professional Soccer League—does not have official sanction, but it does have a CBS-TV contract, which it figures is even better. The matches will look the same. Both leagues

*continued*



Cooke and his wife Jeanne live in elegance in the wealthy suburb of Bel Air, with back-fence neighbors such as comedian Jerry Lewis.

claim they will present top stars, drawing heavily on imported talent—players who have finished their regular, exhausting winter seasons around the world—who will play during the summer in the U.S.

League owners will pour funds into educating the public. "It will be a promotional-and-merchandising job on a scale comparable to what a major automotive or soap company, for example, undertakes when it attempts to 'condition' the public to its new product." And remember what happened at Colgate when Cooke began to sell soap.

But even this summer there will be some dreadful days when Cooke won't have a team of some sort doing something for fun and money. No matter. It will come in time.

"You pay dearly for all this in emotional wear and tear and bruising," says Cooke. "But the profits far outweigh the bruising. And hope springs eternal. I have this refusal to succumb..."

Funny how Cooke shows no signs of bruises. His critics claim he is still just a slicker and not all that rich. Meanwhile, Cooke *lives* and *looks* all that rich. Inside his sprawling Mediterranean home on three acres in Bel Air, he could finance another soccer league just by selling off a Utrillo or an Augustus John or two; the place is so full of expensive art and antiques that he keeps the Wedgewood vases in the basement because there is no room for them upstairs.

If he does come upon hard times he could raise the money by writing songs. Cooke still gets royalties on his *Love Is Gone*, a tender ballad he composed years ago when he was Oley Kent. Ray Anthony recorded it on 78. Surely everybody remembers Ray Eberly crooning:

*Love is gone;  
We've had our share.  
I've done my part,  
But you weren't there...*

"That's my song," says Cooke, sitting at the grand piano in the east living room, picking it out. "It also was sung by Helen O'Connell in one of her albums."

Another oldie, *Fussy About a Dream*, still brings in about \$200 a year in royalties. On a plane back from New York City recently, Cooke sat staring into space, drumming his fingertips on the armrest and composing, mentally, a tune he calls *Say That You Will*.

"It goes like this," he says, with a few tuneful crashing chords on the piano. "That's all I've got right now. Just the 'Say that you will' part. Write the lyrics to it, and we'll split the profits."

This velvet, buffered life in Bel Air is just what Cooke needs. It is a good neighborhood. Jerry Lewis lives next door, surrounded by high iron fences and dogs prepared to bite the arms and legs off unidentified callers. But "a nice neighbor, never bothers us," says Cooke. Greer Garson's place is up around the corner—her front wall needs painting badly—and Tony Curtis lives around there somewhere, though a few neighbors are upset because he has

this white Rolls-Royce, pretty gauche, for God's sake.

The future looks good. Basketball, hockey, soccer. Lakers, Kings and, er, Zorros.

"We have already sold 1,000 seats for the Kings' games and haven't invited a soul," Cooke says. "Give us five years—maybe 10—and Los Angeles will be the most important hockey town in the U.S."

And this is Cooke at rest. He had a date for the benefit ball at the Beverly Hilton. His wife, Jeanne, drifted downstairs, looking lovely in an original gown, and Cooke, dapper in his tuxedo, was carrying a portable radio from room to room, drinking a glass of sherry and listening to the Lakers play in Chicago. They were losing, and Chick Hearn, the Laker broadcaster, was pouring pure hysteria out into the Hepplewhite furniture and deep carpets.

"The way they're taking that ball away from the Lakers is unbelievable," Hearn cried, and Cooke, in Los Angeles, winced. "Lakers call time out," said Hearn, and Cooke, lifting the radio and talking to it like a microphone, barked: "Should have called it last time."

In a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Greene were to come by and pick up the Cookes for the party. In Chicago, Gail Goodrich got hot.

"This is Goodrich's best game as a Laker!" shouted Hearn.

"Well, of course," Cooke said to the radio again. "He hasn't had a chance to play that much."

The front doorbell rang, and Butler Eric ushered in the Greenes. Lorne was wearing the fancy tuxedo with the cowboy belt buckles. "I designed it," he said to Cooke, spinning around to show it all. "You like it?"

"Uh, beautiful," said Cooke, with the flashing smile. He dresses very conservatively.

On the way downtown Greene told his Willie Davis joke, and Cooke began to talk about the Forum again. His thoughts keep coming back to the Forum. It will be ready, he says, at the end of this year.

"Boy," he said, "will I be there when they lay that ice down there for the first time. It will be night, you see, and I'm going to be the first man out on it, on my skates. I'll be all alone. Just me on the ice. And then, after I skate on it a little, we'll call out the Kings, and I'll play hockey with them. We'll have great fun for about five minutes—and then I'll fall down exhausted and that will be that."

The Cadillac pulled into the circular driveway, and the foursome got out. Another Hollywood benefit, and everybody was there: Danny Thomas, who began talking football with Cooke; movie stars, all the celebrities. All the big people who know Cooke and believe in him.

"You know," Cooke said, confidential for a moment, "I go to bed each night feeling a little guilty, I'm having such fun. This is the good life."

The spotlight came on and the Cooke table settled back for an evening of fun. Lorne started to tell his joke.

Jack Kent Cooke, that's who.

END

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Here are four better ideas we came up with last year.  
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And there are lots more where they came from for '67.



...has a better idea



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Boys: How many times  
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Girls: Pull your chin  
up to the bar.  
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in this position?

3 50 yard dash:  
What's your best time  
for 50 yard dash?

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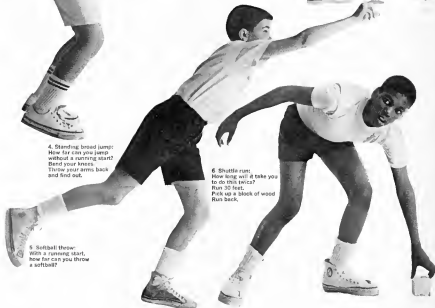
The 7 exercises are right on this page.



4. Standing broad jump:  
How far can you jump  
without a running start?  
Bend your knees.  
Throw your arms back  
and find out.



7. 600 yard run-walk:  
Can you make it  
around the outside of a  
football field twice  
without peeing out?



6. Shuttle run:  
How long will it take you  
to do this twice?  
Run 32 feet.  
Pick up a block of wood.  
Run back.

5. Softball throw:  
With a running start,  
how far can you throw  
a softball?





# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (11-1) 2. FLORIDA (9-1) 3. W. KENTUCKY (10-1)

Stranger things have happened but not to North Carolina—at least not recently. FARMINGTON's Ivy League, with John Harlow, Joe Heiser, Chris Thomforde and the other arduous Tigers shooting a superb 65%, beat the surprised Tar Heels 91-84 for their first loss this season. Happily, it only hurt for a little while. Two nights later Larry Miller's 23 points and last-second basket got CAROLINA past Wake Forest 76-74. Then came Duke. Coach Vic Bubas, who had suspended nine players, including every starter but Bob Verga, for some New Year's Eve hijinks, played two of them—Mike Lewis and Tim Kildredge—against North Carolina, and the score was tied with five seconds to go. Agnus Miller came to the rescue. He dropped in a layup, and the Tar Heels won 59-56.

It was a week for weird occurrences in the ACC. At College Park, with 1:15 to play and MARYLAND leading North Carolina State 60-55, Referee George Conley, who had just hit State Coach Norm Sloan with his third technical of the game, marched to the scorer's table and announced, "Gentlemen, I've taken enough. The game is now over. The score as it stands is official."

The SEC had a curious look, too. There was Kentucky in eighth place while Tennessee, Florida, Mississippi State, Vanderbilt and Auburn were busily vying for the lead. Old Adolph Rupp, it seemed, had suddenly run out of magic. VANDERBILT took her Wildcats 91-89 in overtime—Kentucky's fifth loss of the season in Lexington. TENNESSEE was unbeaten in two league games after Ron Widby's 27 points buried Alabama 77-52. FLORIDA, big, strong and efficient (page 14), gave Mississippi State its first defeat 63-54 and then trampled LSU 87-70. State came back to trounce Georgia 92-63, though, while AUBURN beat LSU 70-59 and Mississippi 67-56.

Before his team played DAVIDSON, West Virginia's Buckey Waters admitted he was "a little shaky-kneed." Davidson had just been upset by RICHMOND 72-69, but the Cats had never lost a regular season Southern Conference game in the Charlotte Coliseum. And they still have not. Sophomore Mike O'Neill's four free throws in the final minutes of a second overtime beat the Mountaineers 97-93. That put the CITADEL, only 4-7 for the season but an 81-79 winner over

Richmond, in first place. WESTERN KENTUCKY beat Tennessee Tech 91-80.

## THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (11-1) 2. BOSTON COLLEGE (8-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (9-1)

Not since Luke Baines Johnson married Pat Nugent on the CATHOLIC U. campus had the Washington school attracted such attention. Bob Ciaffari threw in 29 points and the Cardinals shocked St. Joseph's 76-72 in Philadelphia's cozy Palestra. After that, the abashed Hawks were almost glad to get out on the road, where they took Creighton 73-70 on Cliff Anderson's four points in the closing minutes.

St. Joseph's was not the only big eastern independent surprised last week. Providence's Jimmy Walker, whirling, twisting and flipping in those unstoppable jumpers, had scored 42 points, and the Friars led CANISUS by six with 48 seconds to go in Buffalo. It looked like a wrap-up for Providence. Then Walker missed three foul shots, Bart Carr and Johnny Morrison popped in three quick jump shots, and the game went into overtime. Walker got one more basket—for 44 points—but that was all, and Canisius won 79-73. NYU's venture upstairs also ended in disaster. Mal Graham, who had scored 48 points against Wagner earlier in the week (but only 11 in a 91-34 loss to VIRGINIA), bombed NIAGARA for 37, but the Violets still lost 76-68.

Temple got it, too, from FORDHAM 66-58 after the Rams had upset North Carolina State 65-63 in Greensboro. BOSTON COLLEGE ran over Navy 101-76, while St. John's, fresh from a 74-58 trouncing of George Washington, edged plucky Rhode Island 57-55 on Rudy Bogard's little side shot at the buzzer. SYRACUSE, with sharpshooter George Hicker gunning in 27 points and Vaughan Harper pulling down 18 rebounds, beat Pitt 70-60. VILLANOVA's pesky zone defense harassed St. Bonaventure into an 80-62 defeat, and LA SALLE outman St. Francis (Pa.), 84-74.

PRINCETON's Bill van Breda Kolff calls his Tigers "better than the 1965 Bill Bradley team," but he almost had to swallow his words last week. The Tigers ran over Brown 94-50, and they had Yale 47-30 at the half time. Then the Elis began to come on, and Princeton barely beat them 77-75. COLUMBIA also won twice, over Harvard 80-71 and Dartmouth 78-53, while CORNELL beat Dartmouth 69-57 and Harvard 96-62.

## THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (13-0) 2. IOWA (8-2) 3. DAYTON (11-1)

Life in the tough Missouri Valley Conference was just one surprise after another. When Tulsa got to LOUISVILLE, the Hurricanes discovered that the assigned officials had failed to show, and two local men handled the whistles. Tulsa had the unbeaten Cards in a 34-34 tie at half time, but big Westley Umseld, wheeling and dealing pro style underneath the baskets, rolled in 24 points, hauled down as many rebounds, and Louisville won 76-62. North Texas State's big front line tried to box in Umseld, but he got away from the massive Eagles for 22 points and 19 rebounds, sophomore Butch Beard pitched in 29 points, and the Cards won again 86-66.

TULSA's luck was better in Cincinnati. The Hurricanes used a 1-2-2 zone and dared the Bearcats to shoot over it. They couldn't, but Eluidge Webb shot Cincy dizzy in the last 16 minutes, and Tulsa won 65-64 in overtime. CINCINNATI's ships were still showing as North Texas carried the 'Cats into double overtime before losing 74-71. WICHITA STATE upset Bradley 83-69 and squeaked past St. Louis 70-68 in overtime.

It was beginning to look like anybody's race in the Big Ten. IOWA struggled against Indiana until Sam Williams got a hot hand—17 of his 25 points came in the second half—and then the Hawkeyes won 84-73. MICHIGAN STATE barely held off rallying Illinois to win 76-74, while OHIO STATE beat Minnesota 78-65. Only MINNAPOLIS had it easy, trouncing Michigan 93-73. KANSAS, the Big Eight favorite, won its opener, shaking up the Oklahoma Sooners with a half-court press and beating them 97-72.

TOLEDO, one of the nation's three unbeaten major-college teams, continued to lift eyebrows in the Mid-American. Coach Bobby Nichols had his Rockets believing they could beat anybody. With Steve Mick scoring 31 points, Toledo put down Bowling Green 98-94. Miami of Ohio's cloying defense and deliberate offense was a problem for a while, but the Rockets eventually won 68-56. DAYTON, however, was still calling itself the best team in Ohio, even after Xavier's 6' 11" sophomore, Luther Rackley, outplayed the Flyers' 6' 10" Dan Obrovac. Sub Guard Gene Klaus scored 23 points, and Dayton pulled through 73-72.

## THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (13-1) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (10-2) 3. SMU (9-3)

SMU's game plan is simple: keep it close and then win in the last seconds. It is exciting, all right, but Coach Doc Hayes worries. "I sit there and think we're done for," he admits. Like last week, when his Mustangs were down five points to Baylor with two minutes to go. SMU pulled even on



Hill Voight's three-point play with 13 seconds left and then beat the Bears 85-83 on Charlie Beasley's 18-foot jump shot with two seconds left in overtime. "I felt real hot," said Beasley, who scored 30 points in all. "I knew she was going in." The Mustangs, however, departed from the script against Texas A&M. They won easily 80-67, to share the SWC lead with TCU, which knocked over Texas Tech 71-65 and Texas 96-82 after losing to OKLAHOMA CITY 92-83.

The Independents, meanwhile, fattened their records against pushovers. MORTON took Lamar Tech 82-62 and Tennessee Tech 95-64, while TEXAS WESTERN bombed Southern Mississippi twice, 84-54 and 76-63.

**THE WEST** 1. UCLA (9-0) 2. NEW MEXICO (11-1) 3. SEATTLE (10-2)

Washington State Coach Marv Harshman did some ingenious planning for UCLA's Lew Alcindor. All week long, in practices, he put his reserves on stools, strapped boards to their arms and even gave his defenders tennis rackets. "It ain't as crazy as it seems," explained Harshman. "Our kids just can't imagine how much area Alcindor covers and how much damage he can do." Then Harshman went after Alcindor with a sagging defense that shifted constantly from zone to man-to-man. Lewie, who sat out 4½ minutes of the second half after he picked up his fourth foul, still got 28 points, but UCLA had to go to an unaccompanied stall near the end to preserve a 76-67 victory.

The other Pacific Eight teams also began what may be the longest chase ever to oblivion. STANFORD took Oregon 68-65 and Oregon State 58-51. California, however, succumbed to OREGON STATE's dillydallying game 45-42 before outrunning Oregon 74-61. USC opened by beating Washington 83-74. PACIFIC got off to a good start in the WCAC, hammering St. Mary's 88-63.

Seattle Coach Lionel Parcell ordered two tanks of oxygen for the bench before his team played NEW MEXICO in Albuquerque, but he predicted, "If we lose, it won't be this mile-high altitude. It'll be Mel Daniels." He was so right. Daniels evaded the quick Chieftains for 29 points, and New Mexico won 80-60.

Usually the post man is just another guy in BROOKMAN YOUNG Coach Stan Watt's frantic offense. But when Utah State's LaDell Anderson elected to jam the Cougars' fast break instead of running with them, BYU wisely put 6' 11" Craig Raymond on a high post and fed him for 35 points. The Cougars won big, 92-66. Anderson was wiser when Utah tried the same gambit. He replaced 7' Larry Bance with 6' 6" Pete Ennsenga, who shut off Utah's Dewitt Menyard in the pivot. Shaler Halimon bombed away for 38 points with his fallaway jumpers and UTAH STATE WON 89-76.

**END**

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## SUPERCASE

Sirs:

Now that the Supergame is set to be played in Los Angeles on January 15, I would like to take this opportunity to thank the NFL for blacking out the Los Angeles area. I know I speak for the many sports fans who have made this the sports capital of the country. The average fan here spends about \$150 a year supporting the Rams, Dodgers, Angels, Lakers, Blades, USC, UCLA, plus approximately 30 state and junior colleges. So now, after five years, we finally get the game we have all been waiting for and the NFL tells us we can either go to the Coliseum or forget it. Blacking out an area of 10 million people hardly seems like the answer.

I am told that the NFL wants this to be the biggest game ever. I am sure it will be. But, like so many people, the NFL officials get money and class mixed up, and the two don't always go hand in hand. Now, if they had class they would realize that they already have \$2 million in the kitty from TV. They would price the 30,000 best seats in the Coliseum at \$10 per seat, bringing the total to \$2.3 million for an afternoon's work. The remaining 60,000 seats could then be given to needy kids, and the NFL would have 60,000 screaming, grateful, future fans. But who cares about the future?

If I sound bitter it is because I am—not because we are not getting the game on TV, but because I love all sports, and I hate to see what some men are doing to them for a dollar.

HARRY T. BOORD

Pasadena, Calif.

## COOL ICEMAN

Sirs:

Congratulations. It is about time someone gave Ned Harkness the national recognition he deserves (*Poison Ivy in the Ivy League*, Jan. 2). But there is one drawback. Mark Mulvey presents him as a man who has to use questionable tactics to win. This is far from the truth.

I played lacrosse under Ned Harkness last year at Cornell. His fantastic record is explained by the fact that he is one of the few coaches who instill confidence in everyone who plays for him. This is a man who teaches his players to want to win and to feel confident that they will win.

Thanks for introducing sports fans to a man who knows how to build winning teams.

NATE FOOTE

Pittsford, N.Y.

Sirs:

It's about time you gave some credit to college hockey! This sport is enjoyed by thousands every year. But somehow you for-

got to mention the strongest team in the East, as well as the rest of the nation—Boston University. This team, I'll admit, has many Canadian players, but it also has just as many great Americans.

BU and Cornell met this year and the score was 3-3. However, after seeing the game twice on TV, I have no doubt as to who outplayed whom.

JAY WINN

Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey was reasonably accurate in his portrait of Cornell Hockey Coach Ned Harkness, but he is sure to incur the wrath of some 25,000 Rensselaer alumni with his reference to RPI as "obscure." Doesn't he know that Rensselaer is world-famous for having lost 43 football games in a row?

R. W. SCHMELZER

Troy, N.Y.

Sirs:

You should have been at the RPI invitational hockey tournament in Troy, N.Y. when a poor, slow-skating, undermanned RPI team with its unheralded sophomores played the powerful, previously unbeaten and untied Michigan sextet literally off its feet to a 6-6 tie.

This was a great moral victory for RPI and a fine tribute to Coach Gary Kearns, a Ned Harkness protégé, and to a valiant band of fighting Engineers.

H. RICHARD WELTMAN

Troy, N.Y.

## QUACKS AND BRAYS

Sirs:

As a season-ticket holder to the University of Houston basketball games, I was delighted to see your story, *Elm, Aflerue and The Duck*, (Jan. 2). That is, I was delighted until I read it. Curry Kirkpatrick spent a great deal of time describing how they play defense like a jacksass, don't shoot very well and are lazy, some of which, no doubt, is true. However, he could have given equal or more space to the many talents of Don (The Duck) Cheney and had a much more informative story. Cheney has the quickness and moves of only one other player his size that I have ever seen—and that is The Big O. Without the presence of The Big O in the lineup, The Duck would be on his way to making All-American himself.

Perhaps your nationwide audience will get to see the Houston players later in the year at the NCAA finals. Then Mr. Kirkpatrick can eat his story for breakfast, for there won't be any jacksasses there.

RON ROBINSON

Pasadena, Texas

Sirs:

Now I've heard everything! Your article on Elvin, Melvin and The Duck is not only insulting, but ridiculous. You make the Houston basketball team sound as though they are long-lost Greek gods. That's O.K. We at Tulsa wish our longtime football and basketball opponents all the best—until they play us. What is ridiculous is your statement indicating that Tulsa might be afraid of playing Houston. Are we not in the best cage conference in the nation, the Missouri Valley? Don't we meet the likes of Unseid, Allen, Holden, et al., when we play Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis (not just once a year, but twice)?

Again, I wish Houston luck. But don't take it away from the rest of us when you write them up. After all, with its schedule and results, Coach Joe Swank's Tulsa team deserves good recognition, too.

JOE MILLIS

Tulsa

Sirs:

I'm sure I speak for many Providence College fans when I say you have done Jimmy Walker, PC's All-American, a gross injustice. In your article on Houston you stated that Lew Alcindor's talent as matched (or approached) by only three men in college basketball today. Make that four. Jimmy Walker is the best. He averages about 30 points a game and could make it 50 if he didn't pass off so much. He also gets his share of rebounds and assists, and possesses the best moves in the country.

BRIAN SCOTT

Somerset, Mass.

## SPIRIT OF '76

Sirs:

I can't tell you how much I appreciated Frank Deford's fine article on Alex Hannum and the Philadelphia 76ers (*Savage Taker Philly in the Top*, Jan. 2). It's about time someone told Boston that from now on they're only second best. It is felt in Philadelphia, and I'm sure in other basketball towns, that Alex Hannum has a greater knowledge of the game than any other single person. As Deford pointed out, making a playmaker out of the phenomenal Wilt Chamberlain is a feat matched by no other coach in basketball history.

I have become an avid 76er fan since they invaded the City of Brotherly Love. Never before has such enthusiasm existed. Never before has old Convention Hall held standing-room-only crowds. No one can tell me now that Boston can compare to the 76ers. SI knows a good thing when it sees it.

MARK J. FRIEDMAN

Cherry Hill, N.J.

## A Bit of Spain in a London Town House

It is just a bullfighter's cape that once belonged to a man who followed Spanish bulls while trying to catch up with himself. The cape stands stiffly, as though waiting for Randy Burke's return by THOMAS DOZIER

Among the motley of memorabilia that clutters my London town house there are many things: a silver-bordered elephant's foot (a left front one, too), a camel saddle from Sidi Slimane, Morocco, and the thousand-year-old skull of a pre-Incan girl from Pachacamac in Peru. There is one other item that stands out even among all these incongruities. It is a bullfighter's cape, the yellow-and-pink working cloth of such stiff material that it stands by itself, forming a cone like a pygmy Indian wigwam.

There is nothing markedly exotic about owning a bullfighter's cape; dozens of touring Anglo-Saxon aficionados have come back from enthusiastic visits to Spain and Mexico with all sorts of tauronomic dust-catchers, including capes. What makes my cape different is the name stenciled in black against the yellow of the inside collar (capes are always thus labeled with their owners' names, presumably for the same reason children's gym pants and shirts are—to keep a fellow performer from making off with the article). My cape bears no name great and famous in bullfighting history, such as Belmonte (although I once held his cape in my hands and marveled at the magic of the name lettered there), or Manolete or Sanchez Mejias. The name so starkly and defiantly stenciled is short and simple, and so un-Iberian as to make all of these great Spanish artists restless in their well-earned graves. It is B-U-R-K-E.

I first met Randy Burke when we lived in Madrid in 1954. He was short, fiftyish and gone a little to seedy plumpness. Randy was a minor executive of a U.S. engineering company with a branch office in Madrid. Exactly what his functions were I never found out, but they apparently were not so onerous as to deny him plenty of time for following the bulls. Randy was a very loyal member of a small group of Anglo-Saxon

aficionados who went to every bullfight in sight, good or bad; other members of the group included a sprinkling of diplomats and journalists and the local Anglican vicar, who also wrote and played progressive jazz.

Except for a tendency, which all his compassionate fellow drinkers could easily excuse, to burble in an overly friendly way when he drank too much, Randy seemed a very respectable fellow. He had a quietly suffering wife of about the same age, who often accompanied him to the bullfight but seemed to have no interest whatever in that splendid spectacle. Over drinks back in some fellow aficionado's apartment after the fight, Mrs. Burke would listen with a vaguely sad expression, saying little until Randy had drunk too much, at which time she firmly and patiently led him to the car and drove him home.

That was in Madrid. At the *ferias*—Sevilla, Pamplona, Málaga, Valencia—where I would inevitably run into Randy, he was always alone, and wherever we met over drinks he would drink more than his fill and wander quietly off into the streets, presumably reaching his hotel room unassisted.

Temporarily lost track of Randy after we moved to Paris in 1956 but, returning four years later for the great Feria of San Isidro in Madrid, I was told news of him by a mutual friend: Mrs. Burke had died, apparently with the same quiet patience with which she had lived. After that he had quit his job with the engineering company and dedicated himself completely to the bulls; nobody was quite sure, but it was rumored that his wife had left him a small inheritance.

What puzzled me was the mutual friend's report that Randy was drinking more than ever. Despite his affluence and his freedom to follow his chosen way of life, it seemed that his wife's death had affected him profoundly,

which was strange, as in life they had appeared to have so little in common. The friend also warned me against Randy's company, on grounds that Randy was so consistently drunk that he had become a bore.

I was able to prove this a week later when, after a poor fight at El Escorial, I ran into Randy in the bar of the Green Frog Restaurant. At first he seemed the same old Burke, a bit too burbling, perhaps, and almost slobbering over us in the alcoholic joy of reunion, but within not much changed from the half-endearing, half-pitiable fellow I had known before. Over the course of three more brandies at our table, however, I discovered that the mutual friend was indeed correct. Randy had become not only a bedside bore, but he had also degenerated into a querulous, vaguely desperate—and therefore quite depressing—drunk. He quarreled about the bulls of the afternoon, which had not been any worse than usual, complained about the drinks and later railed against the excellent Spanish food at the Green Frog. He insisted we ride back to Madrid with him to try out his new MG, but I felt that a ride with Randy driving in the condition he had reached would have been thrice as dangerous as facing a fighting bull. I politely explained that we had driven out with other friends and it would be rude to abandon them. When I held to this course despite his insistence, he was angrily indignant and accused me of not trusting him to drive properly. I was almost mightily glad to get away from Randy.

We saw him a couple of times more during that fortnight, at the little bar behind the Number Nine section of the giant Plaza de Toros of Madrid. He seemed subdued, hurt and desperately depressed. My conscience bothered me, and both times I invited him to join us in a drink. Each time he repeated his performance at El Escorial; he would start

continued

out in fairly good shape, but after two or three drinks some devil seemed to possess him, and he would become so unpleasant and, indeed, abusive that I fled his presence, grateful for other commitments.

The whole thing puzzled and saddened me. Randy obviously loved Spain, the Spaniards and the Spanish national fiesta and he had obviously achieved financial independence and with it the freedom to indulge himself in the full enjoyment of that wonderful country and its delightful customs. As I tried to think it out, it occurred to me that the basic problem was loneliness. Randy was indeed desperately lonely, and his compartment, alas, was making him even lonelier. What was worse, there was very little any of us could do about it.

I did not have very long to worry about it, for after two weeks in Madrid that spring we had to return to Paris. We were not to cross the frontier at Hendaye again until early July, when we headed south for that most festive of all the Spanish fiestas, the Feria of San Fermín in Pamplona.

This great week of collective madness, with its running of the bulls and its all-night dancing in the streets, has been more than adequately publicized in both fact and fiction, and it is not my purpose to dwell upon its joys. I will mention only one not quite so well-known fact: that it is almost impossible to find lodging in Pamplona during the feria without careful advance planning. The few hotels are all booked up years in advance and are hard put to accommodate the rich and powerful, plus the *toreros* who come to fight the bulls. For this reason, the small Pamplona group to which my wife and I belonged had obtained lodging for the past several years in, of all things, a house which served the other 51 weeks of the year as a home for deaf-mute children. The good ladies who ran this charitable institution simply moved the little ones out during San Fermín week, and what they collected from us for the premises, a modest sum by American standards, helped to defray the expense of the home for the rest of the year. It was an admirable arrangement. We had a place to sleep and drink (doing more of the latter than the former), and the knowledge that every peseta paid to our landlady helped a worthwhile cause added to our total enjoyment of the fiesta.

This arrangement had worked very well. But the year before, the Madrid-based unofficial secretary of our group wrote us all that the señora had given up the deaf mutes' residence and moved her charges elsewhere. We had to settle for individual bedrooms in apartments and houses scattered all over Pamplona. The room in a private home assigned to my wife and me was comfortable enough, indeed something of an improvement over the deaf mutes' establishment, but we missed the camaraderie of the central kitchen and dining room, where the group had been accustomed to assemble for solace after each afternoon's bullfight. Quickly, however, we discovered we were not alone. As we left our room to head for a rendezvous with our fellow members at Kutz' Bar in the main plaza, who should emerge from the next room but Randy Burke.

He greeted us with enthusiasm, and there was nothing to do but to invite him to join us. It soon became apparent, on the walk to the bar and even over the second, third and fourth drinks there, that we were dealing with a new Randy. He was clear-eyed, polite and happy. He got through the drinks without once becoming either boring or ugly, chatted gaily about Spain, the bulls, Pamplona, the weather, the beautiful women. He seemed to have some inner secret that gave him confidence joy.

We discovered what it was that evening when, upon returning to our rooming house, Randy invited us next door for a nightcap. As we entered his narrow, single room, there stood, in all its resplendent color, a stiffly new bullfighter's cape. Randy reacted to our puzzled stares with delight, and before we could ask questions or examine the cape, he whipped out his wallet and produced a card. It certified that James Randolph Burke, age 58, nationality American, was a paid-up member of the Sindicato de Toreros, or Bullfighters Union, of Spain and was thereby entitled to all the rights and privileges pertaining to said membership, including free medical and surgical treatment in the Bullfighters' Hospital of Madrid, which has the best facilities in the world for the treatment of horn wounds.

It turned out that a bullfighting friend of Randy's in Malaga had proposed him for membership, and the local branch of the Sindicato, as an innocent gag, had voted unanimously to accept him and

issue him the document he now held so proudly in his hand. It seemed at first thought to be indeed a harmless and even kindly gesture on the part of the *toreros*. But when Randy picked up the new cape from its wigwag position in the corner and, fondly handling it, explained what he planned to do, I was not so sure. The bulls to be faced the following afternoon by three of the top matadors of Spain were from the breeding ranch of Don Eduardo Mura, near Sevilla. A Mura bull had killed El Espartaco in the Madrid ring in 1894, and ever since Muras have been accounting for an undue number of *toreros*, great and not so great, up to and including the one that ripped into Manolete's groin at Linares in 1947 and thus sent the greatest fighter of his time to his death in a lonely provincial hospital. The Muras' reputation is thus a fearsome one, and the great matadors fight Muras only because, if they refuse, the crowds will call them coward. Even so, they fight as few Muras as possible.

Now 58-year-old Randy Burke, the exaltation in his voice barely controlled, was telling me that on the next day he intended to jump into the Pamplona ring with his new cape and pass the most fearsome Mura of the afternoon.

"It is what I have wanted to do all my life," he said. "I want to face a Mura."

We could only assume that he was joking, and we humored him by going along with the joke. But, on awakening the next morning, I remembered the almost mystical sense of mission his voice and countenance had reflected, and I asked my wife: "You don't think he means it, do you?"

She was not sure. So at lunch we told the story to our closest bullfighting friend, with whom we were going to sit at the afternoon's *corrida*. The friend, who knows more about the bulls and the ways of bullfighting than anyone I have ever met, said there was no need to worry, because the police would never let him into the ring with a fighting cape. He reminded me that there is in Spain a rigidly enforced law that no spectator may take into the seats any bullfighting equipment of any kind. I felt reassured.

We were all more comfortable that afternoon when, upon taking our seats, we saw Randy in the first row, as bright and cheerful as a silver five-peseta coin, but without his cape. Our knowledgeable friend arrived and, taking his seat,

dampened our feeling of relief a bit with the news that Randy had indeed arrived at the Plaza de Toros with his fighting cape, only to have it taken away by the alert police.

"I think," said the friend, "that even though he doesn't have his cape we had better watch him." The friend said he had warned the police who patrol the *callejón*, the narrow area between the inside fence of the ring and the first row of seats, that we had a potential jumper in the first row.

By the time the fourth Miura had been dispatched, we were all breathing a little more easily. We had watched Randy off and on throughout the afternoon, and he had maintained his mood of excited eagerness. We could also see the flabellated police in the *callejón* keeping a careful eye on him.

Thus lulled, we were not quite prepared for what happened when the fifth bull, a monster as big as a bus and with horns as wide as the arms of St. Peter's Square, tore into the ring. As the bull charged out, a drunk in the next section of seats threw a seat cushion into the ring and the police who had been keeping Randy under surveillance rushed over to subdue this malefactor. Randy saw his chance and took it. Reaching under his suit jacket he pulled out and unfolded a large tablecloth clearly bearing the mark of a much-favored restaurant in Pamplona where most of the well-heeled aficionados gathered to lunch before the fights. He stood up, unfurled his tablecloth like some proud banner, gave a huge leap over the wire cable protecting the first row of seats and landed on all fours in the *callejón*.

When Randy started his maneuver, there was not a policeman within 20 feet of him. But even as he began to rise, my friend and I set up a howl.

"Watch him! Watch him! He's jumping!" we screamed, and three policemen abandoned the cushion-thrower and dashed toward Randy. Even then, it was touch and go. Randy had one leg already over the inside barrier and had attracted the immediate attention of the Miura before the first policeman reached him. As the Miura turned to charge, the police roughly snatched Randy back into the safety of the *callejón*.

As they carried him, more gently now, around beneath us to head out of the ring and toward the city jail, where such jumpers are generally sentenced to 24

hours to cool off their bullfighting ardor, Randy turned his face toward our seats and gave us such a mysterious look as I shall never forget in all my life. It was part remonstrance, part thankfulness and part triumph.

After the last bull had been dispatched, we made our way through the crowds and sat down at Kutz' Bar for drinks and self-examination. We were as full of mixed feelings as Randy's face had been full of mixed reflections. We knew we had done the right thing by stopping Randy, but still we had a strange feeling of having frustrated some noble purpose. Finally the friend said: "I think we should take a bottle of wine and a chunk of cheese and bread to him at the lock-up."

As soon as we finished our evening meal we bought the bottle and the food and headed for the local *cárcel*. A desk sergeant received us amiably, but in response to our request, he laughed and said: "Oh, you mean the crazy American who wants to be a bullfighter. No, he is not here. We let him go. He promised that he would never again try to jump in Pamplona. We told him he could jump somewhere else, but not in Pamplona."

We left the wine and the food with the sergeant, and headed out through the town to find Randy. We got on his trail in the third bar we tried, and picked up his scent in three or four other cafes. But, search as we might, we could not find him, and thus could not know whether he was celebrating or drowning his agony.

We found out only when we got back to the rooming house, and then not until we got to our own room. At first we looked in Randy's room. He lay on the bed, dead to the world, but snoring and smiling beatifically. We knew we could not wake him and were not sure we wanted to. Repairing to our own room, we found the great stiff yellow-and-pink cape standing like a sentinel in the middle of the room, the black lettering *n. burke* visible against the yellow side. Attached to the cape was a scrawled note: "Many thanks for saving my life."

One year later Randy lost his life. He suffered a heart attack while swimming near Málaga and drowned. We brought the cape to Paris, later to New York and then to London. That is how it got to be among the things that clutter up the house.

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**3** "As I took to the air I heard my Frisian friends shouting—'Up, up, pull yourself up.' I tried desperately to climb that pole—but just couldn't make it. Suddenly, the waters below were rushing up at me.

**4** "After the chattering stopped, I retreated with my friends to a village inn for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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